TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

A friend of mine once referred to a mutual acquaintance of ours as being so supremely ignorant that one might almost mistake his ignorance for learning. The description struck me as so accurate that I have carried it around with me for years, and every time I meet the man referred to his imperturbable egotism and the *hauteur* of his ignorance impress me more and more. To hear him in conversation metaphorically sit down upon some unlucky wight who ventures to make an assertion in his presence, is calculated to strike terror into the human heart. He crushes an opponent with a look—a look of such infinite disdain that no one but a practiced debater would think of anything but flight. He is too haughty to converse at any great length with anyone and thereby escapes humiliations which otherwise would come to him every hour. I once met him frequently for a moment or so at a time and for months he impressed me as a man of considerable learning, or at least a man of very wide and accurate information. After I discovered what a hollow mockery he was I wondered how he so long succeeded in his pretensions. I found he dealt largely in negatives, was very quick to announce his opinion and exceedingly slow to give any reason for it. The fact that he had given his opinion seemed to be sufficient; life was too short for him to go further. In this way, while I might feel that he was wrong I could not tell how he arrived at his conclusion. He pooh-poohed arguments and brushed aside facts as if the *data* at his disposal were so infinitely superior both in quantity and quality that nothing but ignorance would offer opposition. After I once sized him up I had plenty of sport leading him out, and he would make statements as wild and incongruous as the exordium of a darkey's sermon. He was fond of big words and nearly always misplaced them. At some time he had been shaky in respect to his grammar, and it was really as funny as a Punch and Judy show to get him eloquent and hear the way he would torture the verb "to be" through all its moods and tenses in every person and number. He had evidently had lessons on that special point and had succeeded in getting entirely mixed as to where the corrections belonged.

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He was, however, less disagreeable than the person who ordinarily takes shelter under the hauteur of ignorance. As a rule, those who are least sure of themselves are most repellent to strangers. An accomplished book agent once told me that if on entering a man's office he received rude treatment he invariably persisted and seldom missed making a sale. "I know," said he, "that the man is afraid of himself or he wouldn't be rude. He is afraid that if I get a chance to talk to him he will weaken either because he is busy or is easily persuaded. On the other hand if a man jumps up and shakes hands with me and gives me a chair and stands and smiles till I tell him my business I know I am a goner unless I have something that appeals directly to him. The polite man is prepared for every emergency. One can never get him at a disadvantage. He will shake hands with you and bow you out and have you on the outside of the door before a fellow knows what has struck him. I never had but one man rude enough to throw me out. Then I purposely fell down and pretended to hurt myself. He subscribed for two copies of my book to avoid having any trouble. After I got his name I grinned and left him feeling that he had got a good deal the worst of it."

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In traveling one is made to feel the hauteur of ignorance more than elsewhere. Necessarily one must come in contact with unknown people many of whom have acquired polish enough to conceal the fact that they are undesirable acquaintances. Breaking through the veneer of reserve one often finds the pleasantest traveling companion, but sometimes after perforating the crust one finds nothing but a great big, ugly, clammy grub, and worse still the grub will sometimes snap at you, more because it is ashamed of having been disclosed than because it can hope to profit by adding ill-manners to an evil condition.

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But amongst all the phases of life the hauteur of ignorance is most disagreeable when it is limited to a certain subject. When one approaches a friend and finds that he or she has gone into a shell, within which can reach no sound of explanation, it is exasperating to find ignorance which makes you alien sanctified by some foolish prejudice and gilded by the good manners which make enlightenment impossible. A man or woman who tries to live happily in this mixed world will be careful always to have little to explain, and unless explanations are demanded by marital ties or nearness of kin they should be left alone. The only thing to do is to assume the position that it is nobody's business and resent inquiry until your friends are so piqued by curiosity as to beg for the information which, had you been willing to impart, no one would listen to. There is no doubt whatever that flagrant faults cannot be explained away, and that for trivial ones an explanation will not be asked by kindly people. Moreover, the explanatory person is a bore and it is an attitude which those who know better are usually forced into by the ignorant, but for their opinion who should care? Their stare cannot kill, and as soon as they become denunciatory they betray themselves.

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Our Methodist brethren I am glad to see were able to clean up the Federation affair without any more ungodly rows. It pains the balance of us to see those who meet at the love feast brawling by the way, and when the scoffer who has been led to look for and prophesy this sort of thing is rebuked by the prevalence of peace and good-will the church has gained a decided victory. There is as much and more sense in a separate and village-cloistered Victoria College as there is in a McMaster University, but when that is said the argument is over. I often wonder how our Baptist friends can defend their one-horse university while objecting to religio-secular education! Of course they got the charter because the government had to give it to a church which is almost solidly Grit and had to be kept so. They doubtless wanted the charter because they didn't know when another millionaire senator might feel like becoming the parent of a Baptist University, but it will do them no good. It is out of harmony with the spirit of their church and if it can be worked it will yet be federated with the Provincial University. The Methodists have shown their wisdom by coming in. This is the educational centre of Canada. Every year and with every addition to the cluster of federated colleges, it will become more distinctly the heart of educational impulse and be enabled to provide opportunities of mental equipment so superior to those furnished at any other point in the Dominion that its supremacy will mean its distinct and decided domination. Professors, apparatus and library are not all there is of a college. Indeed the student life, its environments, its temptations even, are a part and an important part of the process of development. The honest farm lads who may seek the scholasticism of McMaster University may be preserved from "rushes" and "symposiums" and "walk-arounds," but they will have little, narrow and perhaps less wholesome sins suggested by the village air of their *alma mater*. Our boys—and I say our boys, as every Torontonian says it, of all those who come and share the family and college life of our city—will feel the breath of the world and the throb of a great educational emotion. The littleness of life will fall from the eyes of the young man who is one of thousands, while the country schoolmaster at the village university, unaware of the competition he is likely to meet, learns his irregular verbs and mumbles his German, feeling that he has only to get his sheepskin and go out and be worshipped as a savant.

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If the survival of the fittest is to rule in scholastic things, let the grind begin and the weaklings go to the wall. They will go there without fail. Mother's apron or dad's cane may keep them in the class-room, but they can't drive them through life. If the seeding has not been put in of probity, industry and perseverance, the crop will have to miss the summer and be fallowed on the stubble. Fool boys never make wise men, though sometimes wild boys forget their coltish tricks. Those who first feel their responsibilities realize their position. In the thousands who will come to Toronto, the largeness of the movement and the power of the current toward the highest attainments will rescue more from sloth and inattention than it will engulf. What a delight it is to those of us who live here and appreciate our possibilities to see growing up an inner city, a city of learning, of higher endeavor, of highest hope! How pleasant to think of our lads being born and living in academic shades which shall rival Yale and Harvard, and not be meanly spoken of with Oxford and Cambridge. It is the noblest and purest pride we can feel in Toronto, and it should affect the citizens to a generous and public-hearted treatment of our University.

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It seems to me a great many people lack public pride—or call it public heart or spirit if you like it better. I suppose it is not to be wondered at, as there are many men of means so lacking in ambition and a sense of the "fitness of things" that they would rather live in a tumble down house on a back street than move forward and take the place which could be theirs. Wives and daughters, to say nothing of sons, have done more than we have any idea of to make old-fashioned fathers show some spirit. Sometimes, it is true, they have overdone it and ruined the old man. However, fortunes must rise and fall, if those who have, always retained, those who had not would find promotion and the acquirement of wealth a very difficult thing.

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All through our city we find evidence of the man without any public pride. Rotten old tenement houses, bug-eaten and fever-ridden, are kept in place by men who care nothing for public opinion. These very ones who should be indicted as a public nuisance are those who most frequently stand in the road of the public-spirited policy which has made it possible for the city to be large enough to find occupants for such miserable hovels. They are the loudest to protest against high taxes, and rend the air with their shrieks when some necessary public improvement is suggested. If, however, a great corporation like the C. P. R., following a well devised plan for the absorption of a large and valuable section of the public domain, offers what seems to be a half decent rental or promises to erect large buildings, this class of property-holder is at once their friend. He is anxious to make his money at once, and is desirous of seeing the city built up without expense to himself. The troubles which may come to morrow he feels will be too late to annoy him. He not only seems to lack pride, but conscience. He feels that he is a robber, and sympathises with all other robbers. He is so frequently kicking against public improvements that it seems to give him a chance to loom up as a progressive fellow when he gets an opportunity to abuse those who are trying to do right and to shout in chorus with the herd of those who want money spent in the city to-day, no matter into what trouble it may get us later on.

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Toronto has less than the average number of municipal skunks, but it has enough. As a rule the Torontonian is willing to spend his money and be heavily taxed to make the town move along. It is this spirit that has made it move along and will keep it moving along. The crowd of "no-goods" who have been shouting that the C. P. R. should be let have all they want will be crushed out by the result of the efforts of those who had foresight enough to grasp the situation and make a fight for what was ours. President VanHorne is one of the cleverest men in America. He would not have tried to take advantage of us had he not been led to believe that we were asleep. He thought he could buy and hire enough shouters and heelers to hurrah the thing through. As soon as he was undeceived he began to listen to reason and to talk sense. The compromise which was proposed to him and which he entertained as if it were a new proposition is as old as hundreds of babies who are creeping around the floors of Toronto today. It was no new revelation to him and his advisers. That a few people stayed in the fight and protested against the seizure of our water front was the only surprise party he had. I imagine we shall come to some sort of settlement now. We would have arrived at even a preferable conclusion long ago if it had not been for men who have talked on both sides of the question—men with a hare's rump and a hound's mouth, running and yelping so that no one could tell to which party they belonged.

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Now is a good time to settle it. This is the last session of this parliament. If Toronto people are true to themselves and speak out loud when they get the worst of it we can depend on the government being with us. Mr. VanHorne has too much sense to antagonize Toronto. Nothing unreasonable has been asked, and what we have asked we shall come so pretty near getting that the poor things who have been continually advising the Council and the Citizens' Association to creep under the barn will feel sick of themselves and the citizens ought to feel sick of them.

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It is to be hoped that the Grand Trunk and C. P. R. will unite in building a grand union depot. I have confidence enough in the C. P. R. to believe that they will do all in their power to effect a juncture of forces in this matter. The Grand Trunk, however, is an old-fashioned hog, one of those small-eyed and greedy concerns which feels that if it cannot stand up it can lie down; if it cannot be popular it can at least be disagreeable. It would not be an unlikely thing for it to refuse to join in a union station; in fact, I know of nothing likelier for the old porker to do, and it will keep on acting in just this way until no one will ride in its coaches or send any freight by its cars if it can be helped. The Grand Trunk may just as well remember that things are so arranging themselves that we can help it and that the railroad that treats Toronto best will be treated best by Toronto. There are enough Torontonians with sufficient opportunity and with a very earnest and persistent pride in Toronto, to make their influence felt on behalf of a favorite road. We want a union station here and a good one, and the road that refuses to stand in and help build and operate it will be marked for public disapproval.

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How one is impressed during Fair time when riding on the cars, even along outlying streets, with the fact that strangers are all around one. One may ride up and down on streets year after year and if asked where a certain grocery store is would be unable to tell, would be unaware, perhaps, that such a store existed on the line of one's route, yet coming down some morning one notices that a sign has been changed and is impressed by the fact that Jones has gone away and that Smith is now keeping the place. It is the change that excites attention. So in coming down town and going home again we get used to the faces of people. Perhaps we never look a second time at the man or woman next to us, but we know that they ride there, morning and night, or at least occasionally. During Fair time, or when the city is crowded, the cars may not be fuller than usual, we may not be on the route of procession, but when we glance around we feel that there are a lot of strangers with us. Riding every day we get to know the faces we meet, and, as a rule, people travel at the same hour, morning and night. The same crowds go together and without paying attention to one another, individuals know that they are more or less neighbors. A politeness grows out of this which we unfortunately find lacking when outsiders pack the car. The infirmities of people are not noted until they rise to go out; the little attentions which are shown to one another are omitted.

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When our country cousins come it is easy to detect their presence. They get on the car as if it were too much to expect the conductor to wait another half-second for them. They get their fare ready at once and hold it in position until the box comes round. They won't pack themselves in as the neighbors do. They are not as careful to put their feet away where they will not be stepped on, and from the moment they take passage until they get off they are continually on the alert for the jumping-off place. Coming down on Tuesday morning a young woman and her beau clambered on and sat directly opposite me. Hers was an odd face, all the curves were downward. Around her mouth, around her eyes, around her nose, everything was on the downward curve. Her large eyes were of the sort which would very easily fill with tears. She was sensitive, inclined to be sad, and though rather pretty would soon fade. People always do fade quickly when they cry too much. Tears will wash the beauty out of the fairest face. The young man was without curves; his mouth was cut straight across; his nose clipped off sharp; his eyes somewhat narrow and hard; his hair a dull brick-red, coarse enough for rope. They were both well-dressed and not gawky in manner. He was carrying her parasol and light jacket. I should not wonder if they are married this fall and then he will quit carrying her parasol and jacket, she will put the buttons in his shirt and brush his clothes, and when anything is missed he will jaw and she will cry, and next summer when he is busy, instead of him carrying her jacket and parasol she will bring in the wood, probably milk the cows, and when he is real busy feed the hogs. Next fall when they go out she will probably carry the baby and her eyes will be just a little bit redder and his hair will be just a little bit redder, and begin to look a good deal redder to her. When she complains about the hired man and wants to keep a hired girl he will tell her he is no millionaire, that they will both have to work for a living. The more babies she has to carry the less her jacket and parasol and other things she ought to have carried will be carried for her, and so will run this cold, hard world away. In six or eight years an old woman with great, deep cross lines running down her face will come to the Fair with some youngsters hanging on her dress, and she will carry them and their lunch with a great big heavy heart, and probably her

An English ship seized in Behring Straits might bring English shells crashing about the New England housewife of Cape Cod.—New York Herald

Sir Julian Pauncefote. Secretary Tracy. Secretary Blaine.

Behring Sea Breakers: Great Britain Lays Down the Law.

jacket and parasol as well. This is a hard old trip we are making, and the farmer's wife has got the rockiest part of the road.

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The old adage about the mills of the gods grinding slowly, but making no error in the grist, is probably being brought home as forcibly to one Rykert of Lincoln as to anybody here or hereabouts. After having amassed riches and when he had said unto his soul: "Soul, enjoy thyself!" manplots arose and made his life somewhat unhappy. But he said: "The gods are with me, and the 'old man's' luck has not gone back on him yet; Sir John will stick to me." Then Sir John grew cold and old colleagues in the House grew absolutely frosty, and his enemies made mock of him and would have thrust him out, but he resigned and was triumphantly vindicated at the polls. Then he went to Tory picnics, where once he had been received with loud acclaim and the fellows from the tavern had hollered for him to speak. Now their voices were hushed. Even when he went up on the platform without an invitation there was no one to ask, "Are ye there, Moriarity?" Then he went and saw Sir John and was coldly entreated, and meeting Lady Macdonald on the street, "ye gods, can it be true!" he must have gasped, "she has cut me dead." One can imagine the pilgrim from Lincoln thus spat upon at the shrine where he once had worshipped; one can almost hear his wretched thoughts as he, in bitter self-communion, inquires "Can this be true! I, who so oft and so willingly sat up nights with the sickening hopes of the Tory party, I, who have carried with alacrity the carrion from Sir John to feed the unruly bear, am now an outcast, while meaner men than I still bask in the sunshine of political power. Ye gods! gaze in pity upon me now as I am fain to fill my waistcoat with these same shucks, and tell me if I again dare to enter the sacred portals of Parliament will not the man Blake rise up and move for a committee of inquiry as to whether this is the same John Charles Rykert concerning whose case a report was prepared last session. Yea, verily, they will even identify the corpse and cast it beyond the outer walls." Bitter indeed is the fate of him who is found out; better were it that with a ballot box tied about his neck he lie sleeping 'neath the peaceful ripping of the Welland canawl.

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Erastus Wiman in his interview with the Chicago reporter spoke truly when he asserted that should the United States Congress fail to follow up the McKinley Bill with the offer of a reciprocity treaty with Canada, our trade problem would be solved in another way, and the United States deprived of Canada as a customer for many years to come, inasmuch as Imperial Federation would become the hope of this country. Of recent years public events have been rapidly shaping themselves as if Imperial Federation were the near destiny of the British Empire. The hostile measures of the United States Congress have been teaching us that we have little to hope from our neighbors and the building of the Canadian Pacific railway and the trans-continental trade which is springing up with eastern lands make us feel more than ever before that we are a link in the great chain of British civilization and commerce which encircles the globe. We know that Great Britain will not establish any retaliatory tariff, but if she saw fit to do so, the United States would be brought to its knees in short order. It is only through Imperial Federation and a general tariff of say five per cent. against all countries outside of the Empire that we can hope for an opportunity of making the United States feel that she has overplayed her part. Within the Empire, and as between the various colonies, tariffs might be the same as they are now and the extra five per cent. as against foreign countries, might be levied as a general naval defence fund. It is estimated that under such circumstances Canada would pay about two million dollars a year, in return for which she would have the protection of the British army and navy as a right, not as a favor, and it would procure for her an advantage in the home markets for the products of Canadian industry immeasurably greater than the value of her contribution. If our wheat, cheese and cattle were worth five per cent. more than those of the United States—and this is the meaning of the suggested tariff—the starving farmers of Dakota would come to our wheat fields by the hundreds of thousands. The plan so faintly outlined above is known as the Hofmeyr scheme, and the McKinley Bill and the disturbance it is intended to produce in Canadian business should direct the attention of the Canadian people to the opportunities they have of benefiting themselves by means of Imperial Federation.

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Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$69 75
"R"	5 00
Total	$74 75

DON.

Social and Personal.

Chestnut Park presented an animated and beautiful scene on Wednesday last, when Sir David and Lady Macpherson welcomed nearly three hundred guests to the largest garden-party of the season. The elegant grounds with their noble trees and carefully kept shrubbery are beautiful at any time, but over the grass little groups moved with stately step or graceful motion, and added to the scene a touch of fairy-like beauty. The day was perfect, and enhanced all the enchantment of face and fabric by the glamour of its clear September sun. Music was arranged to reach the ear in gentle melody, and its excellence proved a delightful detail of most carefully-executed arrangements. Seats were stationed at short distances among the trees, and the resting-places were rendered luxurious by the addition of rugs spread upon the grass for the protection and comfort of half-wearied feet. Among those present were the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Cameron, Miss DaMoulin, Mrs. James Crowther, Miss Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, the Misses Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Clarke, Mrs. De Lisle, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Miss Morgan, Miss McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Hon. George Kirkpatrick, Messrs. Evans and Laurie, Major Harrison, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Torrance, Mrs. Kingsmill, Miss Benson of Port Hope, Mr. Nordheimer, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Capt. and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Hon. John Beverley and Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Talt, Mr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Miss Smith, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Miss Wilkie, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Cockburn, Mr. Tait, Mr. Small.

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The dresses were almost entirely light in fabric and color, white and delicate creams predominating. White and yellow was a favorite combination, and mauve was much worn along with other faint shades, while an occasional bit of pronounced color only proved the rule and added piquancy to the scene.

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Hon. George Kirkpatrick of Kingston was a guest at Chestnut Park for a few days this week.

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The Misses Seymour are in town for a visit. One is the guest of Mrs. Stanley Clarke, and the other is paying a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Vankoughnet.

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Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street are home from their European trip. Mr. Blackstock returned last week while his charming wife remained for a short visit with friends in New York.

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Mrs. McMaster is in town again after a sojourn at the seaside.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ober Ward will arrive in town next week from Paris. They will pay a brief visit to Mr. Ward's mother, Mrs. Cameron of Carlton street.

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Mrs. Fitzgibbon has returned to Toronto after a rather lengthy visit abroad.

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The Misses Brush of Niagara Falls, Ont., are the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith at the Grange.

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The following gentlemen were invited to dine last Wednesday evening at Heydon Villa, the residence of Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, to meet the Earl of Aberdeen: Sir David Macpherson, Sir Adam Wilson, Lieut.-Col. Otter, Lieut.-Col. Fred C. Denison, M.P., Mayor Clarke, M.P.P., Hon. John Beverley Robinson, D'Alton McCarthy, M.P., Messrs. Thomas Macfarlane, Casimir Dickson, E. E. Sheppard, P. C. Moberly, Charles J. Campbell, J. Herbert Mason, Commander Law, Mr. H. Wickham, Mr. McLean Howard, Mr. James L. Hughes.

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The members of the Argonaut Rowing Club entertained their friends this afternoon at a dance.

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Rumors of a dance at the Academy are tossed about. If the event takes place it will be an assured success, for a popular lady of decided ability is mentioned as hostess for the occasion.

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An enthusiastic lover of music *a la* Strauss said to me this morning: "Those who heard him should die happy; those who did not are to be pitied." In that case a large number of fashionable people will die happy, for if the house was not crowded, it contained a characteristic audience, and they were as a rule enraptured. The Pavilion is not an ideal concert-hall. It lacks some important features, and transgresses by possessing some unpardonable ones, but that night it was fairy-land, and the little foreigner was the magician of the enchanted realm. Music crept, tottered, swung, marched and tramped up and down the aisles, and lips parted and eyes brightened or saddened as the strains of melody were ecstatic, gleeful or weirdly sad. Among those present were noticed: Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. and Miss Dyckman of New York, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. and Miss Cockburn, Mr. Tait, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward, Mrs. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Michie, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Hon. Frank Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. and Miss O'Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Headen, Miss Lockhart, Mr. Scott, the Misses Seymour and Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson.

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Mrs. Gibson of Grange road left on Friday last for a visit to her parents in San Francisco.

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Dr. Thorburn returned this week from a trip across the Atlantic. He was accompanied by his son, who is also a physician and will practice here.

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Mr. and Mrs. Jack Macdonald of Alexandria are the guests of Mrs. Crawford on Mutual street.

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Miss Benson of Port Hope is being entertained at Mrs. Otter's.

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Miss Fannie Smith of Bloor street and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald spent a couple of days in Hamilton this week. They were the guests of Mrs. Barker of John street.

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The residence of Mr. John Morison on Jarvis street was the scene of a large and most enjoyable children's party on Friday evening of last week.

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Tuesday evening the Grand was filled, and while the far greater number of those present were strangers in town, there were yet a few of Dame Fashion's daughters and sons there. The former looked more than usually interesting in their pretty gowns and summer faces, for I notice that the evidences of out-door enjoyment have not yet been altogether removed. Among the throng were: Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward, Miss Yarker, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. Ellictt, Mr. George Allan, Messrs. McInnis of Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Fuller of Woodstock.

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Miss Jennie B. Goodall of Galt was in town this week.

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Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser left for New York on Thursday last, where he will pursue his studies in elocution.

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Miss Jessie Alexander is spending a few days in New York.

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Miss Mabel Gilmor of Jarvis street left Saturday last on a visit to Quebec.

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The Misses Sibbett of Belleville are making a short visit to Mrs. R. H. Howard of Gerrard street.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. H. MacLaughlan have returned from Alexandria Bay and Mr. MacLaughlan from a more recent trip to London, England.

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Mrs. Jack Preston gave a very pleasant dance at Monreith House over at the Island on Wednesday of last week.

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Mr. William Black of New York, formerly of this city, is here on his holidays.

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Mrs. and Miss Jeffers of Buffalo have been staying this week with friends on Breadalbane street.

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Elm street church was gay with flowers and bright with sunshine last Wednesday morning, when Rev. Dr. Starr performed the marriage ceremony which wedded R. Taylor Shillington and Hattie Courtice Score, daughter of Mr. R. J. Score of College avenue. The bride was gowned in an exquisitely creamy tint of *faille francaise*, with demi-train. It was trimmed with frills of lace, and decorated with pearl-studded oriental braid. The veil and orange blossoms were worn, and white roses formed the bouquet, while the only bit of jewelry visible was a half-moon brooch of fine pearls. The bridesmaids, Miss Maggie Score and Miss Eva Farquhar, were daintily costumed in heliotrope surah, fashioned with elegant simplicity. Hats of the purple tinge in Gainsborough style were decorated with rosettes, and each attending maid carried a silk bag of roses. Messrs. Shillington and Score acted as groomsmen. Among the many marriage gifts were noticed a seal mantle, a purse of gold, elegant bric-a-brac in the most fragile ware, fancy light furniture, quantities of silver, services of delicate china, and a faintly-tinted flower receptacle embossed in a gold design. There were many pieces of silver including table ware and boudoir trifles. Mr. and Mrs. Shillington left town by the noon train, with an accompanying host of good wishes. They will visit New York and the other eastern cities while on their wedding journey, and will make their home in Ottawa.

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Mrs. and Miss Fannie O'Connor of Berkeley street have returned from a protracted trip to Quebec, St. Annes, Montreal and Kingston.

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The Misses Baker and Hitchcock of Wolfe Island, Miss Burrows of Napanee, and the Misses Wise and McCann of Brooklyn, N.Y., are visiting at Mrs. O'Connor's of Berkeley street.

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For those who are interested in gowns—and most people who are frank, admit that they are—there are treasures unrevealed in the shape of foreign fabrics, fashioned abroad. Those who have been over the water this season have brought home wonderful creations for winter wear. As yet they are mysteries untold, but there promises to be a large number of decidedly *chic* gowns at the first large social doing of the coming season. Not gowns alone, for all the dainty accessories of ball, opera and reception toilette must be in unison with the central piece, and what those carefully-packed boxes may yet reveal we can only guess, for the time for their bursting upon society at large has not yet come.

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This is what an English paper says of the new game which threatens to usurp the place of tennis to a great extent: "Golf is unquestionably the coming game, both for men and women. With men it is rapidly taking the lead as an out-door pastime, and among the latest recruit to the golfing ranks is the veteran Lord Granville. To the onlooker the sport does not appear at first to have great attractions, but the merest beginner soon realises its fascinations. As an exercise for women it is certainly to be highly recommended, for, setting aside its other advantages, it entails much walking over high ground, and, in consequence, in good air. Then the flail-like action of the arms brings the muscles well into play, while furthermore it entails no ungracefulness on the part of the fair player. Unhappily, golf-courses cannot be laid out anywhere, and this must necessarily deprive many from enjoying the pastime, as journeys to and from established grounds cannot always be undertaken by young people—and especially by girls."

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The *Globe* has been keeping open house this week in its new home at Yonge and Melinda streets. This journal has now an abiding place, in keeping with the important position it has long held in the Canadian journalistic field. The building, though narrow, presents, with its lofty dome-crowned tower, an imposing appearance. Within, it is admirably equipped and fitted up throughout in a tasteful and comfortable fashion. The faithful, as well as many of the unfaithful, congratulate the *Globe* people on their handsome quarters.

A Voyage Round my Pockets.

There is no use trying to hide the disgraceful fact—last night I was horribly tight.

Let him without sin throw the first bottle.

How came I so? At an improvised little supper at the Cafe Anglais—that I know. Afterward—let me see—afterward, I—I can really recall nothing of what took place afterward.

A cloudy curtain has descended upon my memory, like the entr'actes curtain in a fairy extravaganza.

Something did happen—must have happened; that everything proves, especially the fact that I slept in my boots, and have a terrible head on me.

Nice goings on, indeed. A man of twenty-eight overtaken by champagne like a schoolboy out for a holiday! Disgraceful is no name for it.

How on earth am I to find out what happened last night? Suppose I ask the servant! But no! all he could do would be to say at what time I got home this morning. Cuvier, they say, from a single bone could reconstruct an antediluvian animal; let me see if from such point of departure I cannot reconstruct my existence during the last twelve hours.

But where to look for the bone? Happy thought! My pockets . . . I tremble; what shall the harvest be! My purse is—is empty. Devil! Ha, what papers are these? Bill from the Cafe Anglais; this must be the most important document. "Salon No. 14"—I could have bet upon it; 14 is my favorite room. "Total, 820 francs." We must have been going it, though. How many of us were there, and who were we? Probably some of the boys, but which of them? Let me see if I can identify them. "Huitres Portugaises"—that stands for Lucien; Arcachon oysters, he pretends, are the only ones fit to be eaten. Lucien was there, ten to one. That's one. "Potage a la puree de gibier." If I am not mistaken that soup—I mean that conflagration was suggested by Maxime. That's two. "Filets de sole a la Joinville"—Fernand, who is a thoroughbred Orleanist. "Canetons de Rouen a l'orange"—pure Bourbon; Polaseron comes from Rouen. "Salade de legumes a la Russe"—Semenoff was there, too. "Bomba a la cardinal"—who the devil was he, anyhow? Let—me—see. I have it: Marcel is Cardinal Donnet's cousin.

Lucien, Maxime, Fernand, Polastron, Semenoff, Marcel, and myself—the party is made up. Any women? Probably there were. Certainly there were, or else these photographs lie most foully in their cards. It is all the fashion for superiorness to distribute their photographs by the pack. That's Henrietta, with her galvanized smile. This is the eternal Jenny, in powder, and smiling over her weather shoulder at the risk of dislocating her neck. And this is—who is she? I don't know that I ever saw her. Singular!

Not so bad-looking is No. 3; in fact, she is rather inclined to be good-looking. Head small and cast in the modern mould; no forehead, very little nose, and a mere suspicion of mouth. Nothing but eyes, but they are glorious. And what lashes! Fair, I take it; and I'm glad she is, though I don't know why. Those little curls on her forehead must look like golden smoke.

Young—a mere child—seventeen at the most. Modest, I judge from her dress, which is puritanically plain and high. What a figure! Our forefathers would have compared her to a willow, but our forefathers never were particularly strong in the matter of similes. No crinoline, no bracelets. Who the deuce can she have been? Where did she come from, and how did she get there? It is evident that she sat by me—in my quality of Amphitryon I can have permitted nothing else. I must have talked with her—made a fool of myself, offended her probably, and then got drunk to drown my sorrow.

Well, in salon No. 14 there were ten of us—three of the sex to whom we owe our mothers. So much for the actors; but where is the drama? Let me proceed on my journey through my pockets.

Two cards—"R. de Fayet Moret, lieutenant aux chasseurs a pied"; "Jules Buthot, capitaine du 12e. de ligne." What is the meaning of this? I never knew so many officers in my life.

I have it—there has been a quarrel and we have exchanged cards. That's the drama; one duel, at least; possibly two. But what with, what about, with whom?

What was the provocation? I know that I am abominably quarrelsome when I'm tipsy; but was I challenger or the challenged? That left cheek of mine does look a little swollen; a blow, doubtless. O Lord! There is a pencilled memorandum on the pasteboard of the lieutenant, "Bois de Boulogne—ten o'clock."

Phew! What time to get there? O horror! It is on the stroke of noon. I am a dishonored man—posted as a coward by this time; and who will believe that I overslept myself? I have hardly courage to take another step; but on—on. Let me know the worst.

A handkerchief—fine cambric—a baronial crest in the corner. Young man, you're on the road to the gallows, now; pocket-picking or highway robbery, sure.

(Oh, my poor head, my poor head!)

And where did that bouquet at my button-hole come from? The little pansies are drooping and the thread is untied. I never can have bought such a trumpery thing from a flower-girl; it was given to me or else I took it. It was given to me, of course. This is the sequel of the story of that little blonde. She gave it to me, knowing I was about to fight—probably to fight for her. That must be it.

My apprehension redoubles. A while ago I wished to know all; now I fear to learn too much.

What if I found—

Why, confound it, this isn't my overcoat!

My overcoat is chestnut-colored and this one has the hue of the Corinthian grape!

I have been traveling round some one's else pockets.

But this not being my overcoat it follows that:

The duel isn't mine;
The bill wasn't mine;
The photographs aren't mine;
The cards weren't given to me;
No more was the bouquet.
And the pretty blonde—she isn't mine.
Nor did I steal the handkerchief.
But—good God!—I must have stolen the overcoat!—*London Budget.*

The Valley of Vision.

I.

'Twas after long, long waking that I had
A vision of the silent valley where
Was der the fates of men. The very air
Is pregnant with light forms as yet unclad
With bones and sinews. Fairest faces there
Around me glided, waiting but the call
Which summoned them to freedom or to thrall.

II.

Long had I waited, too, on earth that call.
Had gotten it and for long years had walked
Within a gailing daily round of thrall:
But now strange hope awoke and lo! I talked
Unconscious with myself, the while I stalked
Mysterious through the valley: "Can there be
No other fate within this vale for me?"
A face rose up before me—hope on surges swam—
More felt than heard I this: "Yes, I thy freedom am."

R. W. ARNOT.

It Didn't Take Long.

A big man who looked like he might be a senator or a rich merchant, a retired banker, or something of that sort, walked down the street a few evenings ago, and, stopping under a lamp-post, looked intently upward. A policeman saw him and stepped over to that side of the walk to see what it meant. The street man who happened along also stopped, and after catching what he thought was the proper range, began to look. Another man came up and did the same thing. Pretty soon a young fellow and his girl caught sight of the starers and they began to see what there was to be seen. Presently some one in the rapidly increasing party spoke up:

"What's all this mean?" he asked the policeman.

"Git along wid yez," responded the official.

Just then the big man turned around.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, "what on earth is this crowd here for?"

"What are you looking at?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Looking at?" asked the gentleman, "why, bless me, I was only absorbed in figures."

"About what?"

"I was considering how long it would take me to block the sidewalk by saying nothing." *Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The Hour of Parting.

He—Give me just one kiss before I go.
She—Why, Charlie, you've said that twenty times already!

ED. BEETON
25 Leader Lane
HIGH-GRADE WATCH SPECIALIST

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

SOLE AGENTS FOR
Felice Paris
NOTICE—Our Millinery and Dressmaking Departments are open for the season, and are well stocked with all the latest novelties from New York and Paris. Special lines in Swede and Glace G'oves just received. Dresses and Mantles made on the shortest notice. WM. M. STITT & CO., 11 and 13 King Street East.

TORONTO ART GALLERY ADJOINS
Academy of Music. Open daily until 6 p.m. Choice collection of Modern Paintings. Drawing, Smoking and Reading Rooms, supplied with Art Magazines, &c. Admission 25c. Season Tickets $2. The Gallery and Rooms may be rented for Private Balls, Receptions, At Homes, Fancy Fairs, &c. Afternoons, $20; evenings, $35.

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MUNGO - - - - 5c.
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AND
MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.
THE BEST VALUE.
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MISS M. MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST
Is now showing a new and choice assortment of
Russian Nets, Frillings, Laces Veilings, etc.
Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.
Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

DANCING
NOTICE—At the recent Convention of the National Association of Dancing Masters (of which Prof. J. F. Davis is a member), held two days in Washington, D. C., and two days in Baltimore, Md., out of 91 members
ONLY TWO
were nominated for the office of President, viz: Prof. J. F. Davis of Toronto, Ont., and Prof. E. W. Masters of Boston, Mass. Prof. Davis declined the honor in favor of Prof. Masters.
The fact of being nominated to fill the high position of President of the Association serve to show that Prof. Davis is held very high in the estimation of the dancing masters of America. Judging by the number of pupils (ladies, juveniles and gentlemen) that are pouring in at the opening of this, his 32nd season in Toronto, Prof. Davis is held equally high in the estimation of the citizens of Toronto—many thanks—new building—new academy 102 Wilton avenue, cor. of Mutual street.

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CIGARETTES
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CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

The Royal Road.

Stryker—I have heard it said that the man who succeeds in the world is the man who does two dollars' worth of work for one dollar.

Stroker—Oh, pshaw! I know better. It's the man who does ten cents' worth of work, and manages to get dollars for it.—*Light.*

Hardly.

Cumso—Milton represents Adam as upbraiding Eve after they had been expelled from the Garden of Eden.

Banks—Yes; but it could hardly have been about the cost of her fall dress.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Boudoir Gossip.

There are few people who are not interested in letters from whomsoever they may come. There is something so delightfully mystifying about a sealed package containing—what? They may all, I think, be classified under one of three heads, and a business letter with all its formality and conciseness may yet please us wonderfully well. Some one may have willed us a fortune, accepted our most recent effusion of verse or considered our real estate worth purchasing. Sometimes, though, perusals are followed by pain, for a business-like demand for payment or an announcement of disaster to some concern which interests us, may be coldly conveyed through the stereotyped phrases employed in the commercial and legal worlds.

Then there are the letters which are written from a sense of duty—labored, meaningless sentences arranged with a view to economy of time. They are dreadful missives. One sees between the lines the bonds of necessity which held the unwilling writer. It is a palpable fact that the epistle was the outcome of an imperative suggestion. Preserve me from the dull account of uninteresting details!

But the dearest letter to receive is the one which means kind thoughts from a far-away friend. It is truly a delight. It may contain allusions to the most commonplace facts or trivial incidents, but there is a warmth of feeling about even the somewhat stilted diction which one feels almost forced to adopt, that makes it a real letter. It is not a pen-and-ink affair with a "hope you are well" at the end, but a conveyance of the writer's thoughts, acts, wishes, opinions, hopes and disappointments.

The ideal letter is a much prized complement to the ordinary blessings of the day, and who would not welcome it—a written talk, which makes even lagging time almost frisky, and changes the blue-tinged mist of sadness or loneliness to a marvellous hue of pink.

*

Did anyone ever go out to look for lodgings, with alacrity, or any anticipation of a good time coming? I doubt it. Of all the uncomfortable awakening thoughts I ever entertained, none so completely spoiled my appetite for breakfast as those regarding a search for lodgings.

There are two types of landlady which I find fault with. One kind stares. She appears to take an inventory of wearing apparel. I can fancy she is calculating the number of yards in my gown—two breadths in front, two and a half behind and so on with accurate mathematics and uncomfortable sharpness of eye. The eyes of this type resemble tin tacks. They communicate absolutely nothing, while their steadfastness is evidently calculated to cause a collapse of uncomfortable consciences.

The other disagreeable person with rooms to let has so much delicacy of feeling that she cannot bring herself to mention money, until the intending lodger names a price. Then she smiles in a bland way as if to assure the unfortunate of her forgiveness for well-nigh unpardonable ignorance, and mounts the scale. She exasperates me, and I leave her just as quickly as I can find the hall door. She is usually willing to be concessive, but people on a tour for lodgings are not often easily conciliated.

*

When a bride intends, as many wise ones do now a days, to be married in her traveling toilette, she usually selects a pattern dress in cashmere or cloth. Browns, grays and blues are oftenest used and the pretty goods come all braided or embroidered in harmonious shades. For a lengthy wedding journey, a second costume may suitably be fashioned of tweed, camel's hair or the rough dappled wool, which accommodates itself so well to all the weather's vagaries. Speaking of serviceable goods for traveling gowns, reminds me of the emphatically expressed opinion of a Paris fashion writer who says: "I wish so many ladies would not wear fine suede gloves, with snug-fitting traveling dresses of tailor-made tweeds; they are hopelessly unsuitable. The Russia chevrette with double sewing is most exquisitely neat and tan-colored dog skin gloves give the careless appearance necessary for traveling."

*

It is rather interesting to know that the bridal wreaths of the Roman maidens were woven of verbenas which they plucked themselves, and that the brides of Athens wore garlands of hawthorn. Among us the fair bride feels a trifle uncomfortable if she be not crowned with orange blossoms, or a poor semblance of the waxen flowers. We deny that we, the enlightened women of to-day, with opinions and "rights" galore are superstitious, and yet we are very conservative about customs which would have changed long ago, but for the shreds of superstitious awe which bound them to our hearts.

*

Some writer on the "must be" of dress, says that it will soon become fashionable for women to wear their hair flowing, with no attempt at confinement save that which is afforded by a fillet of gold or silver. If we really believed it, I think there would be a general demand for the various lotions for improving the hair, while the atrophied biceps of fashion's fair damsels would become pronounced through much-wielding of the gloss-giving brush. I might add that I do not fear any startling change in the fit of sleeves, for the short-haired girls are in the great and vigorous majority, and will be sure to frown upon the loosening of tresses as unmaidenly and in questionable taste.

*

Steel trinkets are demanding considerable attention at present. Their startling glitter is somewhat toned by the judicious combination of pearl beads, and the effect is truly a delightful one. They are really great aids to the refined look of the glittering ornaments, for the little balls of cream are fragile in appearance and not in the least pretentious.

*

It has long been a matter of regret among women that the fingers of their evening gloves will grow so shabby, while the long wrists persist in keeping up an exasperatingly respectable appearance. Some one has solved the problem and now we read of dainty little belongings fashioned of strips of delicately-tinted kid, and embroidered in fanciful designs with gold or steel beads. Handkerchief sachets, ribbon cases, photograph holders, button bags and tobacco pouches are all fashionably constructed of my lady's old kid gloves.

*

Has every one you ever saw bobbed up among the crowds which have filled the streets this week? It is perhaps as much an uncontrollable desire for play after work as a search for wisdom, that brings people from long distances to the Exhibition. They plod through halls where noises wrack the nerves, and dust and heat tire the eyes and lungs. They drag themselves over the wet grass to see the pyrotechnic wonders that set childish tongues wagging with numberless and unanswerable questions, intermingled with involuntary gasps of startled delight. It is a tiresome day for the mothers, and what wonder that they look fagged and untidy at night, when both mind and body are tired, and the dust raised by countless feet has powdered their gowns and faces.

Perhaps no one enjoys the long day, from the early morning to the midnight train quite so well as the young girls and boys. They do not envy the cut and quality of the pretty gowns displayed, but they take solid enjoyment in visiting the performing monkey, dodging in and out of danger, wailing for advertising cards and attempting to ruin their little digestions with alarming quantities of sweets.

The boys and girls who never lived out of the city, and never came in "to the fair," have missed one chapter out of life that is well worth living.

To my intense amusement I overheard a pert miss informing some of her elders that she could always "tell country people." Bless her little heart, of course she could. The manner of living communicates its quota of characteristics to the individual, and the little dainty girlie would show as much wonder, embarrassment and ignorance if confronted with some phases of country life, as the small maidens from the farm did here.

A whole day's pleasure is not an unimportant event in one's life. It lives and bears for fruit many a pleasant thought to brighten years that stretch beneath a cloud of care, and, is spite of all we can do, gather in to themselves a little of the grayness above.

CLIP CAREW.

The New Riley.

The fad among the poets now is imitating Jim;
They make their verses tumble down in sections, just like him;
The Whitcomb Riley ending leads you down to an abyss;
This.
Like
Up
Suppose we change the thing and boost 'em

Suppose you are describing how you met a summer girl,
And wooed, and won, and lost her, in Narragansett's whirl;
You thought you had your heiress hocked and landed high and dry,
High.
Sky
Knocked
But she was fooling and your plans got

Perhaps you're on the street, and make your plans to be a bear;
You buy a lot of wheat "dirt cheap," and then you get a scare;
You let it go for nothing, and before quotations close,
Goes.
She
Up
It takes a sudden spurt you see, and

And scores of things might be described with like poetic wiles,
The theater hat, the loeman's bill—all Eiffel tower styles;
With novelties and mark-down sales, and bargain lots in rhyme,
Climb.
To
Got
If you expect to sell your wares, you've

Then here's to Jimmy Riley, the feller wot kin spell
In the style of old Josh Billings, although not quite so well;
We've learned that if a poet can make his thinker hop,
Top.
On
Keep
And write a ladder-poem, he can —*Life.*

The ladies of Canada will see something to interest them in the beautiful display of Fancy Dress Goods, Flowers, Ribbons on view at the Misses Johnston's, 122 King street west.

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The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine health plants from $1.00 up. Palms two feet high for $2.50. Having imported a very large stock of Palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before offered in Toronto. Also

Choice Roses, and all other seasonable flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. Floral Tributes of all kinds made on short notice.

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MISS SULLIVAN

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Artistic Dressmaking

76 COLLEGE STREET

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH

TEABERRY

WEDDING BELLS

THIS month, September, is generally characterized by an unusual number of weddings.

This year we have made a big effort to secure a stock of articles specially adapted for bridal presents, and now invite you to call in and inspect a stock which for elegance has rarely, if ever, been equalled in our city --- noticeably in the Sterling Silver and Fine Arts Goods line.

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Great Success Over the Yankees

The following is the exact copy of a letter of congratulation in reference to the *Great Hair-dressing Competition*, which took place in New York September 10, 1890, and in which *Mme. J. T. Armand*, the Fashionable Hairdresser, Hair and Perfume Dealer, 407 Yonge Street, Toronto, for which he exhibited two styles. The letter is as follows:

STEIN & HYMAN
IMPORTERS OF
Human Hair and Hair Dressers' Materials
68 E. 12th St., bet. Broadway and 5th Ave.
New York, Sept. 12, 1890.

Mr. T. Armand, Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—Allow us to offer our sincere congratulations on your success in taking the prize in the Hair-dressing Competition. We ourselves are fully convinced that the *Laurel wreath* of *Master* belongs to you, no matter what the decision of judges might be and no matter how the medals are disposed of.

Yours truly,
STEIN & HYMAN.

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Another package of BELLEEK to hand.

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THE NOTED

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Comprising the very latest novelties from Paris, Berlin, London and New York.

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In the newest Scotch Plaids, Plaid Effects, Tweed and Cheviot Suitings, imported expressly for our own trade.

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SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

ONLY A FLIRTATION.

At the pretty little railway station of Redburn down train is discharging its complement of passengers. Amongst them is a tall broad-shouldered man of about twenty-six, with a military air and a dark sunburnt face, who, as he alights on the platform, narrowly scans the people about him as though he expected some one to meet him. Presently he espies Jack Swayle advancing towards him, and a pleased smile of recognition lights up his face. In another minute the two friends and old schoolfellows are heartily shaking hands. It is Cecil Lambert.

"Well, old fellow, I am glad to see you again!" says Jack warmly. "How are you?"

"Splendid—and as pleased to see you as you are to see me, Jack," returns the other with equal warmth.

"That's right. Now which are your traps? I told Williams to come down with the dogcart, but——Oh, there he is! Here, porter, just swing these things up. And now, Cecil," he goes on, as they drive out of the station, "tell me what you have been doing with yourself all this time. How many tigers have you killed? What do you think of pig-sticking? Have you seen a white elephant?"

"How delightfully unparochial you are, Jack!" Cecil Lambert says, laughing. "Just the same as ever! One would think, to hear you, that I had been out to Bombay for my own pleasure, instead of going into a business house there, and that tigers and white elephants were to be found sporting about its streets in droves."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I am a bit shaky on the point. I can't say I know much about India—faut of not reading my geography, I suppose! But at any rate you have done well?"

"Very well—beyond even my highest expectations. Thanks mainly to luck, I am a comparatively rich man now, Jack!"

"Glad to hear it—it's always nice to know that there is some one to whom one can apply for a fiver when hard up."

"And in this case you can be sure of getting it. How's the governor?"

"Oh, hearty! A bit bad-tempered at times, that's all. I suppose we shall be bad-tempered too if we ever have the gout—eh, Cecil?"

"I suppose so. And have you made many friends in this neighborhood? I wonder if you know any of the people I used to know."

"I don't fancy so. As a matter of fact, we know very few people. You remember the governor's unaccountable aversion to going into society? Well, I think it increases as he gets older, and he doesn't seem to like me to be out of his sight."

Jack is strongly inclined to tell Cecil of Janet Kenrick; but he hesitates. What he notices parallel easy in the case of his uncle seems more formidable now, when the man in whom he is to confide is only some few years his senior, very handsome, and has seen so much more of the world than he has that he may be disposed to laugh. So, all unconsciously, he makes a great mistake in his life, and keeps his lips closed.

The two friends differ from each other both in appearance and character. Cecil is tall, stoutly built, and dark, with clearly cut features and a face of which the lines denote great strength of character and an inflexible will. In manner he is reserved, quiet, and self-possessed.

Jack Swayle, on the contrary, is rash and impulsive, easily carried away by the impulse of the moment, and, as a rule, is unable to restrain his feelings. He is one of those lovable good-tempered fellows whom everybody likes and no one has the heart to be angry with; and his brightness and buoyancy assure him a ready welcome wherever he goes; but he is wanting in firmness, in decision, in strength of will. Jack's future depends not so much upon himself as upon his companions and surroundings. He may develop into a fine character, or his life may be completely marred. In person too he is a strik'ng contrast to his friend, being slightly built and very fair, with curly chestnut hair, and a face that readily betrays his thoughts. Both men are handsome, but Jack's good looks are of a boyish kind—a clear ruddy complexion and a bright frank expression, with scarce'y any regularity of feature.

The two young men soon arrive at their destination—a fine old brick building, standing in its own grounds. They stay up late into the night, talking over their various undertakings, and recalling to mind, as old friends after some years' separation will, all the interesting little events that occurred before they were parted, whilst Cecil describes some of his doings in India; but, as Fate will have it, neither of them mentions the subject that lies uppermost in his mind.

The next morning they go out on a shooting expedition over Colonel Swayle's preserves. They meet with excellent sport, and, when, in the afternoon, they turn their steps homeward, the bag is a heavy one.

"By-the way, Cecil," says Jack, "I've to make a call before I go back. The governor wishes me to see one of his tenants about a horse he is anxious to dispose of. It is no good dragging you round there, so suppose you go straight home and I'll follow."

"All right," agrees Cecil; and the two separate, Lambert keeping straight on, and Jack taking a path that leads across the fields.

It is not far to the farm to which Jack is going, and he soon reaches it, transacts his business with the farmer, and sets out on his return journey. Somehow he feels very happy and light-hearted to day. As he walks along he indulges in sanguine expectations of the future, plans in his own mind what he will do during the next few days, and unknowingly builds up—of course highly successful—that will follow.

In the first place he will manage, if possible, to see Janet that evening, will tell the little darling how much he cares for her, and listen to her shy confession in return. How he wishes she were here now, that he might pour forth the fervent words that seem to come so readily to his lips! Not, of course, that there is any actual necessity for him to tell her that he loves her or for her to confess to him that his affection is returned, for they both know it indirectly already; but it will be so pleasant to hear her say that she cares about him! What a sweet little darling she is! Then, having made all straight with Janet and told her what his plans are, he will speak to morrow morning to his father. Surely the old man, though hasty and severe, as Jack well knows, will relent when he sees how fond he is of this girl and how his mind is set upon her. Yes, he will—he must! Having won his father's consent, he will go and fetch Janet, take her to the Hall to be introduced, beseech her to name the happy day, and——

Just as Jack reaches this point in his meditations he starts suddenly, and his face turns bleid. The footpath along which he is now walking is parallel with the country road, but at a much higher level, with a hedge dividing them. This hedge is thin in places, and it is quite possible for any one on the footpath to see down into the road.

Raising his head, and mechanically looking down into the lane, Jack sees two people walking slowly along. One is undoubtedly Janet Kenrick, the other Cecil Lambert. They evidently feel secure from observation in the solitude the unfrequented road affords, for Cecil's arm is lovingly clasped round Janet's waist, whilst she, with her head half resting on his shoulder, is looking up into his face with an expression that no one could misunderstand.

For a moment Jack can scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. With a wild gesture he passes his hand across his eyes and looks again; he even creeps along by the side of the hedge like a spy until he has reached a better point of observation, which they will be obliged to pass. It is all too true! He sees Janet's face, her eyes raised to Cecil's with a light in them that never shone in them for him; he sees Cecil's adoring passionate look, and then he can gaze at them no longer.

With a groan he rests his head against the trunk of a tree, and, all unconscious of his presence, the two lovers pass by. Jack's face, which an hour before was so boyish, so free from all signs of trouble, has in those few minutes become haggard and aged. His eyes have a wild pain-stricken look in them; he leans against the tree, his head bowed upon his breast, his whole appearance that of a man who has received a sudden shock which has completely prostrated him.

These few moments of torpor are soon past. His feelings reassert themselves, and blind passion takes possession of him. He is now convulsed with rage. The spirit of revenge cries aloud to him. Shall this man, who has thus taken from him all the world holds dear, this woman who, with her false captivating ways, has basely deceived him—shall they go free, unpunished, to enjoy the pleasures which he is denied? Never!

Again he steals after them, his gun, the priming of which he has carefully examined, in his hand. He soon overtakes them, stands behind a bush, and takes aim. He hesitates a moment, then suddenly lowers the gun, and, with a sob, turns away. The girl may have wronged him, may have blighted his life and ruined him, but he loves her. The storm of blind fury which before possessed him passes away, and, throwing himself upon the grass, he cries like a child.

* * * *

Dinner is almost on the table before Jack returns to the Hall. He apologizes to Cecil for being late, hinting that his business with the farmer took up more time than he expected. During dinner he is very quiet, but neither of his companions notices his unusual silence—the colonel because he is not of a particularly observant nature and is little accustomed to pay attention to what he terms, amongst the vagaries and oddities of young people, and Cecil because his mind is occupied just now with thoughts of Janet Kenrick.

"I want to speak to you, Jack," Cecil says, as they are going out of the dining-room. "Will you come to the smoking-room? I have something to tell you."

"Suppose we have a game of billiards," replies the other, almost nervously, "and you can talk to me while that."

"I should prefer the smoking-room, if you don't mind," says Cecil. "I'm afraid I'm not in the humor for billiards. My hand is scarcely steady enough."

Without another word they proceed to the smoking-room, which is at the extreme end of the house, and is separated from the long passage that leads to it by a red-baize door, hung across with heavy curtains. Seated here, Cecil for the first time notices how pale Jack looks, and what a weary, careworn expression there is on his face. Fully occupied as he is with his own thoughts, Jack's appearance startles him, and he makes some remark about it.

"Oh, I've a bad headache—that's all!" declares Jack, with a weak attempt at a laugh. "I'm subject to these attacks now. I'll try a brandy and soda, and see what that will do for me."

He rises and rings the bell; but, on returning to his chair, he is careful to move it, under pretense of not being warm enough, in such a way that his face is half shaded by the curtain.

"Well," he says, after a pause, "what's the news? Are you engaged to be married?"

"Why, Jack," returns Cecil, greatly surprised, "that's exactly it! How on earth did you know?"

"Oh, there is always something about the lovelorn man that betrays his condition! You spoke with such solemnity that I knew at once what it was you had to tell me. Who is she?"

"A girl in this neighborhood. I think you know her—Janet Kenrick."

The butler enters at this moment with the tray, and the conversation is suspended. But it is a very unsteady hand that is stretched out for the brandy-and-soda which the old servant mixes, and Jack drinks off the contents of the glass almost at a draught.

"Yes, I know Miss Kenrick," he says, with an effort, through his voice quavers. "Did she tell you so?"

"Yes; I saw her this afternoon. But you don't congratulate me, Jack."

"Yes, I do, with all my heart," declares the young fellow, rising and crossing over to his friend's chair. "I hope you will be happy, Cecil." He lays a cold, clammy hand in his, and then returns to his former position. "Now tell me all about it."

"Well, I should have done so before, but Janet did not wish any one to know. We have been engaged a very long time. We first made it up about a year before I went abroad; but my father's failure ruined everything, and old Kenrick withdrew his consent. Eventually however he agreed to let me have his daughter on the day that I could prove to him that I had a thousand a year; the engagement in the meantime was to be kept secret. That income I now possess, and so I presume all opposition will be at an end. I have not seen the old man yet, but, as I have told you, I met Janet this afternoon, and I found her feelings towards me were just the same as ever. It is not every pretty girl, Jack, who would remain true to her love during four years' absence, is it? But Janet; I knew that she was fond of me, and that I should find her unchanged when I came back; and I have not been disappointed—bless her dear little heart!"

There is silence in the room for a few moments, and then Cecil goes on:

"You have no idea what a nice little letters she used to write to me all the time I was abroad, Jack. Some day you may be in a similar position yourself, and then you will know what a comfort the cheering words of a good honest girl are to a fellow, and how they influence and guide him. I wonder if she has one of her letters with me; if I have, I should like you to see it. No!, of course, that it's the proper thing to show one's sweetheart's letters about, but I know you are an old friend, and I know that I can rely upon you. Yes—here is the one I received on landing. It is very short, for, as I told you, it was written in a great hurry to catch the post, so that I might receive it the moment I set foot in England: but you will see in what a tender womanly strain it is throughout."

He holds out the letter, and Jack takes it. It is, as Cecil says, only a short one, but it is very affectionately worded; and, as Jack reads it, the last faint spark of hope that has remained within him dies out. He returns it without a word.

"A very nice letter, isn't it?" asks Cecil, rather disappointed at his friend's apathy.

"Very," replies Jack; but he says no more.

Alone in the solitude of his own room that night, when everyone but himself has retired to rest, he throws himself into a chair and hides his face in his hands on the table. At first he is scarcely able to analyze his pain or to think out the cause of it; he knows that Janet is lost to him for ever, that she is no longer the good honest girl he once thought her, that she has grossly deceived him; but this is all—he cannot reason upon the facts before him. He sits there a miserable broken-down young fellow whose anguish is pitiable to see.

By and-by, when thoroughly exhausted by his grief, reason begins to reassert itself, and claims to be heard. What is he to do? Shall he tell Cecil everything and expose Janet's treachery? Ought he not to pursue this course in duty to his friend?

Poor Jack's mind is not one of the best regulated. From his youth he has ever been guided more by impulse and sentiment than by reason. He has never been accustomed to think much. Still he feels now that his proper course is to speak to Cecil; but he hesitates. Poor lad—he still loves Janet, still is anxious to secure her happiness, even at the expense of his own! He begins to wonder whether in this matter he himself has not been partly to blame. Of course Janet has not acted rightly—he knows that; but he endeavors to palliate her conduct and to find excuses for it. Perhaps he has been too sanguine himself, has mistaken her words and actions; and no doubt Janet is really very fond of Cecil. He is a fellow of whom any girl might be fond. Torturing though the thought is, he cannot forget her face as he saw it raised to Cecil's that afternoon. If ever a girl, he reflects, looked passionately in love with a man, Janet did then.

Presently he rouses himself, and, rising from his chair, moves in a slow uncertain way, as if he were stupefied, to a small desk in a corner of the room. From this he produces, without any searching, for he knows exactly were to lay his hand upon it, a bundle of letters. He then returns to his seat by the fire, and, untying the package, commences to read them. As he reads, his face is convulsed with pain, and more than once he is obliged to desist from his task. As he rests his head on his hand and meditatively looks into the fire, recalling to mind the pleasant hours he has spent with Janet, the thought of which is now so bitter, his eyes become dimmed with tears.

These letters are all from Janet Kenrick, and they carry his mind back to many a by-gone scene when, feeling confident that she loved him, he was as happy as the day was long, and they force the remembrance of her looks and actions upon him with painful distinctness. As each letter is read, he tears it across and throws it into the fire, which seems to him to spread out its flames to receive them, as though conscious that they are the evidences of a woman's treachery and deserve to be destroyed. Only one little note, unseen by Jack, flutters to one side of the fender and escapes.

Presently he comes upon her photograph. He looks at it steadily for a few minutes, and in wild despair he kisses it passionately; then that too is torn across and consigned to the flames.

Having burned all her letters, he again rises from his chair and goes to the desk. This time he takes a small handsomely-mounted revolver from one of its recesses. He turns it over, and regards it almost with tenderness, as the friend that is to relieve him of all his trouble. He places it upon the table beside him, and again sits down before the fire. Only once more does he move from his position—it is to write a letter to his father. Then he takes the revolver, and, with a half-muttered prayer for mercy, raises it to his head. There is a sharp report, which, owing to the thick doors and long passages, fails to reach the ears of the other inmates of the house, and all is over. In the same moment the candle, flickering in its socket, suddenly goes out.

Slowly the hours of darkness pass away, until gradually daybreak appears. The rosy morning light peeps in at the window, and falls upon the body lying motionless on the hearthrug. Some one is knocking at the door; but never more will Jack answer in this world. After a time the knocking is renewed, becoming louder—louder and louder still—until at last the door is burst open, and the awful truth is discovered.

* * * * * * * *

Janet Kenrick and Cecil Lambert were never married. As if for the sole purpose of serving the ends of justice, that letter lying by the fender was preserved. It told Cecil everything.

The next day he went to see Janet. What passed at their interview no one will ever know; but from that time pretty Miss Kenrick was changed. She became very quiet and reserved, and was never seen at picnic or ball again. Her pale face bore signs of austere suffering, and henceforward she devoted her life to the poor, many of her suffering neighbors having cause to bless her name for her acts of goodness.

Cecil Lambert returned to Bombay a highly prosperous man, but a man with no home ties and but few friends. He won the character of being cold and distrustful—his past life had been calculated to make him so; but what Cecil Lambert had gone through no one knew but himself.

THE END.

A Pair of Feet.

This photographic freak is a genuine result obtained by a Scotch photographer as the effect of a peculiar focussing of this camera.

Life's Fleeting Joys

Happiness is like the thistle-down which the children chase, open-palmed, through the air, but can never seize; or like the lovely color that flits across a pure cheek and is gone; or like a drop of dew that flumes like an opal on a green leaf and dies at the kiss of the sun; or like the beautiful flower that blooms in our garden and which we can look at with eager hands, only to find, alas! its petals dropping away through our trembling hands.

Love is a plant of such peculiar formation and nature that although the first breath of deception that touches it kills its roots, the poor pale petals, which are alone seen of the world, struggle on tenaciously and pitifully to remain green, that no one may guess that the whole beautiful heart of the plant is dead.
—Ella Higgins, in West Shore.

How Gold Is Shipped.

When one recalls the fact that millions upon millions of dollars in gold annually seek Europe to provide for the necessities of the import trade, the question of how gold is shipped to the Continent becomes an interesting one. The Bank of America is the largest single shipper of gold from New York, and indeed from the United States. Shipments are made in stout kegs, very much like the ordinary beer keg. Every one contains $50,000 in coin or bar gold. The latter is the favorite for these shipments, since the government has permitted the sub-treasury to exchange coin for bar gold, as coin in a single million dollars shipment is liable to loss by abrasion of from eight to twenty ounces or from $128 to $320; while the bars only lose about three-fourths of that value. Where coin is sent double eagles are preferred. They are put in stout canvas bags, each one containing 125 double eagles, $5,000; and ten bags fill each keg. About the only precaution taken against tampering with a keg, is a treatment of keg ends technically known as "red-taping." Four holes are bored at equal intervals in the projecting rim of the staves about the head. Red tape is run through these crossing on the keg's head, the end meeting at the center, where they are sealed to the head by the hardest of wax, and stamped with the consignor's name. The average insurance is about $1,500 per $1,000,000. Then there is an expense of about $2 per keg for packing and cartage aboard ship, or $200 for the same sum and the inevitable loss by abrasion, whatever it may prove to be. There are great Wall street firms shipping from $25,000,000 to $40,000,000 annually.

The Old Melodeon.

When mother married father, thirty-five short year ago,
'Twuz the days when dresses sorter sagged, they cut 'em scut so low;
An' hair wuz parted mighty prim an' looped up on each ear,
An' the men-folks wore long beauty-locks, so thick they couldn't hear;
An' folks wuz mighty keerful then, er her wouldn't-fixics' shows—
Every thread wuz spaced an' counted an' the stitchin' set in rows.

Wal, amongst their weddin'-presents this old melodeon stood,
All gallus with its shinin' keys an' case o' bright rosewood.
Er ye worked the pedal nicely an' still contrived ter play,
She tunes er these meandered an' gently riz away:
Lord Lovel, an' Long, Long Ago, an' Rain On, Silver Moon,
An' Hours There Were, an' Old Tom Moore—his wuz the kind er tune!

Then wuz the days o' sentiment an' Rose of Lucerne,
Old Aldiniste-Boughs, an' Bow, an' Broom, an' Jamie's Return.
But by-an'-by a sorter march come stealin' daown the keys,
Mixed up with sad, heart breakin' tunes thet sorter went like these:
Drawn Wher' the Patriot Army, wuz the earliest tune thet grew,
Oh, Willie, We Shall Miss You, an' The Ragged Coat o' Blue,
When This Cruel War is Over, an' the Tramp, Tramp, Tramp—
The songs o' lonesome women an' the shoutin's o' the camp;
But the sobs an' groans grew fainter an' it wuzn't very like them
Before the old melodeon sorter hummed a cradle-song;
An' the years wa'n't very many when ye'd hear it go, by chance,
Jest ter play old-fashioned lancers fer the little feet ter dance.

By-an'-by—there's just one tune it's jest a-achin' fer ter play,
An' then I guess its music-days is sorter passed away;
It'll brace fer one more effort like it knew old memories,
When the weddin'-march 'll echo daown its yeller, wheezy keys.
—Judge.

Home to Mother's.

She was a pretty, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked matron, and she had two little boys by her side.

The train was on the point of starting, and in answer to the question of some one on the platform, she said:

"I am going home to mother's."

How her face lighted up, and how happy she looked when she said it! Is there a human heart in the world which has not felt more joyous at the thought of going home to mother's?

We all know how it is—some of us, alas! know only how it used to be. The sunny old farm on the hillside, the red clover in the meadows, the clear stream where the cattle stood knee-deep in the pool beneath the sugar maples, and cooled themselves in July noontides—the shady pasture, where the white mare and the brown fillies came to the gate and whinnied gratefully over their feedings of oats; the old-fashioned garden, where sweet peas and carnations crowded each other, and balm, and hyssop, and lavender loaded the air with fragrance; the low-roofed farm-house, with its great square rooms, its braided mats on the floor, its chambers tenanted by tall four-posters, its enormous feather beds, its sheets smelling of rose leaves and sweet clover. And through the open windows came the free breath of the hills, where the pine trees lifted their majestic heights to the sun set sky, and the white clouds of noonday dropped down so low that cloud and forest seemed to meet and commune together.

Home to mother's! How the wide old kitchen glowed in the ruddy fire from the great fire-place, and how the smell of good cheer pervaded the atmosphere, and rose like incense from the round table, set out with the mulberry dishes we all remember so well.

And mother was there. She listened to the trials of every one; she had a comforting word for each; her cheery courage inspired new hope into faithless hearts, and new strength into failing nerve and sinew.

In her presence, we remember again the long, also hours of childhood, when the days seemed as if they would never end, and the sunshine was like gold, and the summer air was like draughts of generous wine to the buoyant young blood which leaped in our veins! And we came in at night sleepy and tired—and mother's arms held us, and mother's voice sang to us—a voice sweeter than even Patti's or Nilsson's dreamed of being—and to its soft refrain we floated into the land of sleep and dreams!

Home to mother's. Old and world-worn though the business man may be, there is still magic in that brief sentence. Gay and fashionable though the woman may be, there is a chord somewhere in her being which thrills when she is going home to mother's.

This very Christmas-time we talked over in the great kitchen. How interesting insignificant things can be made. When you go home to mother's you hear all about the chickens she made last summer, and the rug she "drew in" for Brother Joe's Annie when she was married; and the three tortoise-shell kittens old Tab hid in the hay-loft, and the twin lambs which the cosset sheep would not own, and the new variety of string beans father was so fond of, and about the big cabin quilt Julia May is making, and what the minister said when he preached old Aunt Becky Cly's funeral sermon. And when twilight falls, you speak of long ago weddings, and of broken homes, and of long some graves on silent hillsides, the mute tenants of which were once your kindred and your friends.

You who have mothers spared to you, cherish them always. Make the old home frequent visits—gladden its fireside by kindliness, and the tokens which remembrance sends; be tender of the old folks there—be tender of them—for by and by, when time shall have gone on a little farther, and you have lived a few more troubled years, you will go home to mother's and find strangers by the old hearthstone, and only a green mound of earth to point you to the place where mother's loving heart is hushed in eternal rest.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Wit and Satire in Wills.

One might suppose that will making was anything but a merry occupation, and yet the drollery of the wills that some eccentric old fellows have left behind them could hardly be surpassed. Dean Swift could not have concocted a more bitter joke than that of the testator who, after reciting the obligations he was under to a particular friend, bequeathed to him, at the bottom of the first page of his will, ten thousand——dollars, of course, thought the delighted legatee; but, on turning the leaf, the bequest was discovered to be ten thousand thanks. What a wet blanket for "great expectations!"

Just as odd was the codicil of the death-stricken humorist who left to certain of his dear relatives "as many acres of land as shall be found equal to the area enclosed by the track of the centre of oscillation of the earth in a revolution round the sun, supposing the mean distance of the sun to be twenty-one thousand six hundred semi-diameters of the earth from it." This was a century ago; and as the problem could not be satisfactorily worked out, the legatees were kept at a mean distance from the property all their lives.

A very neat reproach was conveyed in the will of an uncle who bequeathed eleven silver spoons to his nephew, with the remark: "If I have not left him the eleventh he knows the reason;" the young scapegrace having stolen the twelfth spoon some time before.—*New York Ledger.*

How to Do It.

There are innumerable things that interest women, but the preservation of their own health and beauty is generally the first consideration. In this direction the celebrated corset-wear known as the "Health" Brand, and recommended by every doctor in Canada of any prominence, has found the great solution of the problem of how to combine luxurious ease in an article of dress with absolute safety from cold and its attendant evils. Do not read this and then forget it without thought, but go straight to W. A. Murray & Co.'s, where the se goods are for sale, and ask to see a "Health" Corset. If you will be at once convinced that it is the best article of the kind ever brought to your notice.

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Over the Garden Wall.

BY A TORONTO BARRISTER'S WIFE.

Amabel and Annabel Lee were strangely, startlingly, indiscernibly alike, so much so that it was impossible, unless for those nearest and dearest, who had been accustomed to see them together from their infancy, to tell which was which, and even they were often puzzled.

The twin sisters lived with their father and mother in the fair city of Toronto, and at the time of which I write were fashion's twenty years of age; sweet, saucy lassies, fair to see, blither to hear, and as fresh as roses on a June morning.

An aged maiden sister of their father's lived alone in Rosedale, and it was a whim of hers that every month the girls, alternately, should spend a fortnight with her—a whim that could not be disregarded, as she was old, rich and crotchety. One of her crotchets was that no man, in any shape or form, should come near her dwelling. She was attended by an odd spinster servant, not many years her junior; belonged to no church; never left her garden, and on the rare occasions when she was indisposed, or as always visited by a clever lady physician, whose name is not unknown to fame.

As may be imagined, these periodical visits were no as pleasant as they might have been to the lively twins. Together they could get fun out of anything, but apart they were dismal indeed.

On July 2nd, 1889, Amabel, who had arrived at her aunt's the day before, penned the following letter to her beloved twin—it was a rule that neither girl should go farther than the garden, or see any visitor from the external world, during her visit to Rosedale or Purgatory, as the twins not unnaturally dubbed it.

"DEAREST BELLE.—Such an adventure! prepare to be startled! I got here as usual last night and received the usual satisfactory greeting, only the 'glad to see you' sounded less glad, and the peck on the cheek more peckish than ever. As soon as dinner was over which was not till half-past seven, I read 'the griffin' sound asleep in five minutes and was off to the garden like a shot. What a mercy that it is such a perfect garden, so large, so old-fashioned; so deliciously untidy, that one can occasionally get 'lost to sight to memory dear' during these interminable, everlasting, unceasing fortnights—whatever should we do without it. Well, I ran down to the old summer-house at the end of the orchard, and was just ensconcing myself much to my own satisfaction with 'Nancy' and half-a-dozen peaches, when I smelt a most delicious whiff of tobacco, and 'simultaneous like' became aware that a pair of handsome blue eyes were regarding me with a considerable amount of curiosity 'over the garden wall.' I feigned unconsciousness however, and became at once intensely interested in my book, until a rustling of the bough of that old apple-tree in the next garden, and a gentle cough, made me start and look up.

"'I beg your pardon,' said the owner of the handsome eyes apologetically, 'I am well aware that I am only properly punished for my impertinence, but do you know that I have just dropped a very valuable pocketbook into your garden, and I am lost in consideration as to whether I ought to climb this wall, in spite of the innumerable broken glass bottles ornamenting it, or to ask you to be so gracious as to hand it, or throw it up to me?'

"I jumped up, picked up the pocketbook, and tossed it to him, saying with a laugh:

"'If you dropped your head into this garden you must not dare to come for it. Don't you know that we are man-haters here, and do not allow a male being upon the premises on any excuse whatever. We have bull-dogs, man-traps, etc., lying in wait for any unwary member of the sterner sex who may venture in.'

"'You don't say so,' quoth my new acquaintance, 'what a misfortune. I was just revelling in the thought that perhaps you would allow me to come and call upon your mother? Is it? Inquiringly.

"'Aunt,' I corrected.

"'Aunt,' he amended, 'and—'

"'Bel-la' screamed, or rather roared, 'the griffin's' melodious voice in the distance. 'Coming, auntie' I screamed in answer. Then to my friend, who is regarding me with an amused smile from his exalted position, I say:

"'Don't you call upon Aunt Nettlethorpe whatever you do. It is as much as your life is worth! Do you know,' in a stage-struck whisper, 'that if she knew I had been talking to you now she would—beat me!'

"'Bel-la, Bel-la,' sounded again sweetly in the distance.

"'Oh! Good night,' I say hurriedly, 'don't you ever climb that wall and speak to me again,' and so saying I take to my heels and run as fast as I can to the house.

"Now, Belle, don't scold me and say that this was very imprudent and unladylike, etc. I daresay it was, but the thought of Auntie's horror if she knew that I had spoken to a manly and a good-looking one, too, while staying under her sacred and virtuous roof, tempted me to do it; and really he looks very nice; and it is so deadly dull here that I was prepared not to renew the acquaintance if I get the chance. It is all very well for you to talk propriety. You have Edward and are going to be married in three months. If I were similarly circumstanced I have no doubt I should be as prim and proper as you are, but never fear, my peccadillos, as I will not do anything very undignified you may be quite sure. Hoping you will be interested in my small adventure, and with love to father and mother, ever, my loving Belle,

"Your faithful

"BELLA."

Of course Belle wrote at once a loving, wise little letter to her beloved twin, warning her to be careful, etc., etc., and giving her the benefit of some sage remarks on the subject, from Edward, which, however, had not the slightest effect on the wilful Bella, who went every single day—except one, when it rained cats and dogs—of that memorable fortnight, to read Nancy in the old summer-house, and by the strangest and most remarkable coincidence, invariably found the handsome stranger comfortably smoking in the apple branches "over the garden wall." She sometimes wondered if he took his meals and slept there!

He soon ceased to be a stranger, of course, and became known to her as John Hamilton, who had just come out from England to settle in Canada, and had bought the property adjoining Miss Nettlethorpe's.

Their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and intimacy into love, though neither as yet was aware of the fact; only Bella had admitted to himself that never in England had he seen anything half so sweet, so dainty, so bewitching as the bright little Canadian girl!

Their stolen interviews were necessarily very short, and Bella, who had more than a spice of mischief in her composition, had not let her admirer into the secret of her fortnightly visits to her aunt every other month. Nor had she mentioned the existence of her parents and twin sister. She foresaw a good deal of probable fun out of the mistakes that might arise from the extraordinary likeness between herself and Annabel, and also from the twin like similarity of their names. So she allowed John to believe that her home was with her aunt, and with unpardonable cruelty remarked to him on the evening before she was to leave Rosedale, 'You need never be surprised, Mr. Hamilton, to hear at any time that my aunt has discovered my acquaintance with you and locks me up in her cellar to die a lingering death by starvation. Would you dare the dangers of Nettlethorpe if such were the case, and come to my rescue?' this with a sweet roguish look from the softest of soft brown eyes.

"'I should rather think I would,' answered the infatuated John, 'but Belle—may I call you Bella?—do you know that though we have known each other so long you have never yet shaken hands with me; don't you think we could manage it?'

Slowly Bella raises herself on tip-toe, lifts one soft little hand towards him, but though he endangers his life by balancing himself on the extreme edge of very slender apple branch, and leaning over that cruel broken-bottle wall to the detriment of a gold watch and chain and a remarkably becoming area tweed suit, the mischievous little witch manages to elude his outstretched hand, and vows that it is utterly out of the question, saying that she cannot possibly shake hands! At this John grows desperate and vows inwardly that in spite of her oft-repeated asservation that she would never—no never—speak to him again if he dared to climb into her aunt's garden, he remarks threateningly:

"'If you don't shake hands with me in less than sixty seconds, over I come and I won't answer for the consequences!'

"'Oh, I will,' she cries in alarm, 'only wait one second'—then with pretended difficulty she pulls and pushes a large round stone within reach, and daintily poising herself on the least slippery side, again stretches up her warm white fingers to his eager grasp.

He has barely clasped them, when the stone (to some unforeseen nature (was in purposely done) slips from under her feet, and down she drops, almost pulling that daring young man with her, in which case we might have had to relate the untimely end of both our young friends. Fortunately, however, such was not the case. John still retains his interesting position on the top of the wall, and exclaims with deepest, tenderest anxiety:

"'Are you hurt?'

"'Oh! my foot, my foot,' moans Belle, piteously, regarding with apparent dismay one high-heeled little kid shoe, "it is hurt—dreadfully—it is all your stupidity," with cutting emphasis, "I will never forgive you—never," and slowly limping without vouchsafing one backward glance, she moves towards the house to John's infinite distress.

"Bella," he calls out, "wait one moment." There is no reply. On she goes limping—limping. This is more than he can stand—so though he loses his hat, cuts his fingers and tears his clothes, over the garden wall he scrambles and pursues his limping lady-love. Bella hears him coming, and in spite of the hurt foot runs—no, flies with quick feet, panting breath and flushed cheeks till she has gained the solitude of her own room. Baffled and with a "dog with its tail between its legs" kind of look, John decides when he comes in full view of Miss Nettlethorpe's aged retainer airing herself at the kitchen door, that discretion is the better part of valor, and returns from whence he came a sadder if not a wiser man.

Bella returned home next day and if Mr. Hamilton could have seen her spring lightly from a Yonge street car and take her way homeward along King street West he would have had no further uneasiness about hurt feet or hurt feelings, for so happy and smiling is the expression of her sweet face that more than one passer-by of the opposite sex half turns as he meets her, and wonders to himself admiringly 'what the deuce that pretty girl can be so amused about!'

Though Bella is eagerly questioned by her twin about the handsome stranger—(she has never mentioned him again in her letters home)—she will say no more than "Yes, she did see him once or twice in the distance' and he is awfully nice, ever so much nicer than Edward, a piece of information that her sister wholly and entirely disbelieves.

Bella is half afraid that Annabel—who is eminently proper—might disapprove of what had taken place that happy fortnight; and also she has a dim, wicked hope that when Belle goes to Aunt Nettlethorpe's, some good joke may accrue from John's ignorance that she has a twin sister "just exactly like her, only more so," therefore, though Belle is hurt at her silence, she closes her rosy lips resolutely, and "thinks the more." In fact every day sees her more deeply in love with the recollection of the handsome young Englishman.

In the meanwhile, the unfortunate John, thinking that his divinity is either found out, or suffering agonies from her hurt foot—no one but a lover could have been imaginative enough to think so after her rapid flight that unlucky evening—spends hours in vain expectation watching for her "over the garden wall," and smokes himself black and blue, till his kind mother, who lives with him, becomes seriously uneasy at his woe-begone expression and loss of appetite, and inclines to think that he has lost his confidence. He does so at last and tells his story, to which she listens with sympathetic ears—though in her heart she wonders how young girls can be so forward as to speak to gentlemen unintroduced—and, after some thought, suggests that he should go boldly to Miss Nettlethorpe and make some inquiry about his fair inamorata, asking permission to make a sketch of the house—John is a ready artist—as an excuse for his temerity.

John more than jumps at the suggestion. Within five minutes he is standing on Miss Nettlethorpe's doorstep, in spite of the alarmingly savage growls of a vicious-looking dog which glares at him revengefully from the hall window.

Such prowess surely deserves some reward but alas! his civil request that he may see Miss Nettlethorpe "just for one moment on urgent business," only gains for him a suspicious, disdainful look, and the sarcastic remark as the door is shut in his face.

"Miss Nettlethorpe don't see no mankind whatever, be they clergy, doctors, lawyers, or tramps!"

This cruel rebuff reduced him to such a depth of despair that his doting mother, in violation of all etiquette, decides that she will make an effort on his behalf but equally in vain—she only hears that Miss Nettlethorpe sees no visitors, male or female, and that she can write her business if she has any.

So the melancholy John spends most of his time smoking disconsolately in the old apple tree picturing all kinds of possible and impossible misfortunes which may have befallen his adorable lady-love, when one bright afternoon who does he see slowly approaching him in Miss Nettlethorpe's garden but the fair object of his affections, as he supposed, perhaps a shade paler, a shade more thoughtful, a shade more languid than heretofore, but the great is the joy and relief of this reappearance after so long an interval—two weeks is an age to lovers—that prudence and propriety are scattered to the winds, and in considerably less than no time John is over the wall and has clasped the astonished and frightened Belle in his arms, and, while kissing her passionately exclaims in tones that would have melted the hardest stone:

"Bella, beloved Bella, where have you been? How could you be so cruel, when you knew—you must have known—that I love you to distraction?"

"Now dare you, sir. Let me go this instant, pants Annabel, struggling in his grasp.

"Bella," says John imploringly as he releases her, "forgive me. I was beside myself. I love you so dearly, and I hoped you were beginning to care a little for me in return." So saying he takes her hand and presses kiss after kiss upon it, just as it is dawning upon Belle's indignant mind that this is her sister's John Hamilton, and that she is receiving protestations that are never intended for her, when another young man appears upon the scene—an irate young man, a furious young man, and, before either John or Belle can say one word, he has calmly, coolly and deliberately, with one well directed blow, knocked the unfortunate Englishman to the ground, where he lies stunned and motionless.

"Oh! Edward," says Belle in terror as she flies to the side of the fallen hero, "what have you done? This is John Hamilton, Belle's John, don't you know. How could you treat him so?" She commences vigorously to chafe his hands and unite his neckcloth, as she has read is the proper thing to do when people faint or lose consciousness.

"John Hamilton or no John Hamilton," says the redoubtable Edward sulkily, "I am not going to have him making love to you at that rate, before my very eyes, too, the brute!" he adds in disgust as he remembers the pathetic scene that had just met his astonished gaze.

"Well, you have killed him, I know," says Belle tearfully. "What will Bella say? Run—fly for brandy and mother and Bella—Edward," she calls after him as he hurries off, "be sure to bring Bella."

The two Bellas and their parents, accompanied by Edward, have all come up together and taken Miss Nettlethorpe by storm, to introduce Belle's betrothed, whom she has always before refused to see, and to break to her gently that as Belle is so soon to be married and mother can hardly bear her out of her sight, she will be unable to pay her any more of those delightful (?) monthly visits.

Auntie has not been so implacable as might have been expected, and has even put a fresh ribbon in her cap in honor of her unexpected visitors, when Edward rushes in breathlessly and asks for brandy, remarking "that he has half killed a fellow down there in the garden who was trying to kiss Belle."

Bella, terror stricken, waits for neither father or mother or brandy, but runs frantically down the path and finds Belle trying to explain to the befogged and befuddled John that she is only his Bella's twin-sister. He becomes more befogged and befuddled than ever when he sees two Belles bewilderingly, distractingly alike, but he rather comes to himself when one Bella—his Bella—holds out to him two warm, willing little hands, and, when, in answer to an impassioned whisper, says happy, happy tears suffuse her truly loving eyes. The judicious administration of a little brandy and a remorseful apology from the pugilistic Edward restores him to complete consciousness, so that he is able to observe suspicious glances from the twins, parents and angry snorts of disapproval from the twins, aunt.

Then John begs for an interview with Mr. Nettlethorpe, mutual explanations and apologies ensue, and before the sun sinks that night there are two happy maidens and two devoted swains pacing hand-in-hand among the garden trees, laughing over the story of John and Bella's romance making, while Bella whispers in her lover's ear, mischievously, "that she will never—no never—as long as she lives allow any one to make love to her again—over the garden wall."

People Who Have Met Me.

In looking over a lot of books the other day I chanced upon one entitled, People I Have Met, and it set me thinking, not of people I have met, but of people who have met me. Among my early recollections in that line is the man who met me in his mother's arms. It was not by previous appointment. Had I known that he would meet me I should have avoided the meeting. However, he met me and there was a considerable feeling convinced. At first he felt for me (there was no moon that night), but shortly afterward I felt for myself. The memory of that meeting lingered with me long after I resumed the habit of sitting on a chair, as is laid down in common North American etiquette.

After I had traveled a little further along life's pathway, so to speak—sometimes at a trot, other times at a gallop, never a walk—a young lady met me. Oh, my! Do I need the memory of that meeting! Even now, as it comes back to my mind, after the lapse of years, I think of it seriously lest my wife hear me. That young lady used to meet me in the evening in the lane, in the gloaming or any other convenient place apart from the vulgar country gaze, and there was always business of importance transacted at our meetings.

One evening her father met me. It was quite dark, and I had scarcely pressed a warm, fervid kiss upon his ruby lips before I discovered that a cog had slipped somewhere. The physician said next day that I would recover, and for my folks to have no apprehension of brain fever.

It was some time after this before I was met by any one of special importance. Then it was a man. It was in the city, and the man was a brother of an old friend of mine. I did not remember him, but as he had just drawn a large prize in the lottery I could not resist his invitation to go and see him draw the money. I went. I saw. He drew—my money! The sides of my pocket rubbed against each other for a long time after that meeting, and I mourned that the man ever met me.

Landladies innumerable have met me, at the head of the stairs and at the front door, and usually at a time most inopportune for us both. These were meetings that embarrassed me, though they were not of my seeking. Oh, no! My tailor has met me when I had no desire to see him. The butcher has met me when I have even failed to recognize him, and the tax collector has vulgarly shouted at me from across the street. All this has hardened me and experience has taught me that by the exercise of a little stratagem I can, in a measure, determine who can meet me and who can not, though I sometimes miscalculate in turning a corner. I have finally arrived at the conclusion that it is not the people we meet, but the people who meet us, who are apt to make our lives miserable.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Thoughtful Husband.

Husband (newly fixed)—Don't you think, Loo, darling, that if I smoke in the drawing-room it would make the curtains smell?

"You dear, thoughtful, old darling, I think it would."

"Well, take them down."

The Inveterate Parrot.

He—Does 'oo love 'oo darling?
She—Just des I do.

Intelligent Parrot (in deep nasal voice)—Oh, we've all been there before.

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Willie—Well, ain't that aggravatin'!

"Guess I'll say I didn't see no sign."—*Life.*

"Sam, hand me down that flail."

"Let her go."

"—!—"—*Life.*

Everything Provided For.

Guest—I'm glad there's a rope here in case of fire; but what's the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent position?

Bell Boy—Dat am intended foh use, sah, case the fire am too far advanced foh you make yoh escape, sah.—*Puck.*

Hers?

Mr. Hoffman Howes—I see some fellah an article in the *Forum* entitled: Have Two Brains or One? What do you think that question, Miss Fligh?

Miss Fligh—Well, really, between you me I think we have only one.—*Puck.*

Love's Philosophy.

She—George, dear, what do you think happiness is chiefly dependent upon?

He (as his arm steals about her willowy waist)—Upon our surroundings, sweet.—*Dakota Blizzard.*

A Mean Insinuation.

"I think it's so strange," said Chappie. "She's awfully fond of dogs, but she won have anything to do with me."

"That does seem rather contradictory," p in Cynicus.—*N. Y. Herald.*

No Use.

Telling a hair-raising story to a bald man is deplorable instance of misdirected energy.—*St Jo. News.*

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla I was cured. I consider this medicine the best blood purifier in the world. — Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.
I had numbers of Carbuncles on my neck and back, with swellings in my armpits, and suffered greatly. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine restored me to health. — Selby Carter, Nashville, Tenn.
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The Drama.

It is almost needless to say that this week the theater managers are satisfied with their patronage. The large numbers of visitors in town has filled all the houses to repletion at every performance. Another thing might be noticed, which is not always the case, and that is that the various performances given here this week are, in a large measure at least, deserving of the liberal patronage they have received. The reappearance of Faust Up to Date was eagerly looked for by many who had seen it last season and others who had heard their panegyrics on its excellence. Those who expected to meet the Edwardes Gaiety Company in it this time were somewhat disappointed, but those who did not expect the Gaiety Company and who expected to greet what in the parlance of the upper gallery is termed "a snide show," experienced a disappointment equally great, only that it was an agreeable one. These latter found the burlesque put on by the American company with all the wealth and splendor of spectacular elaboration and lavishness of choral support which marked its former production in Toronto. It is in its principals that the American company shows its deficiency. The practised and delicate art of St. John and the irrepressible elasticity of Lonnen are not to be imitated by everybody. This performance gives an excellent example of the dependence of this form of dramatic composition on its exponents for success or failure. That which, when carried by a capable actor or actress, seems a scintillating jewel of humor or wit, loses its glitter in poorer hands and becomes the most utterly inane thing that man ever contemplated. Such is the illusive force of action, expression and delivery. As the interest of Faust Up to Date is almost entirely musical it has been treated of by Metronome.

The only new dramatic attraction presented here this week is the Prince and Pauper, the dramatization of Mark Twain's book. The company presenting it at the Academy of Music clusters around Master Tommy Russell, a youthful light who first illuminated the firmament as Little Lord Fauntleroy. Master Tommy plays in this drama the two characters of Tom Canty, a London pauper, and young Edward, Prince of Wales, who afterwards became Edward VI. of England. It appears that young Edward had a way of prying into the highways and byways searching for knowledge in a manner which was very distressful to his attendant courtiers. Tom Canty, though but a poor boy and the son of a brutal thieving father and a mother fond but not intellectual, seems to have picked up from some source a knowledge and dignity much beyond his years and his station. In one of the young Edward's pilgrimages in search of the curious he sees Tom Canty, and, noting that he bears a wondrous resemblance to himself, gives instructions that he be brought to the palace. Having got him there he proceeds to exchange garments with him. The prince takes the pauper's rags while the pauper feels uncomfortable in the prince's purple and fine linen. Arrayed in the pauper's dress the prince goes forth into the street and proceeds to reprove the gate-keepers for having ill-used Tom Canty, who resembles him so much. Failing to recognize him in this dress, the gate-keepers commence to handle the prince somewhat roughly, and Tom Canty's father, happening along, mistakes the prince for his son and begins to treat him in his customary brutal fashion. He is saved from persecution, however, by Miles Hendon, a soldier who has just returned from the wars in France. Hendon greatly admires the lad and takes him with him away from London down to Hendon Park, his father's estate in Kent. While on the way the soldier is mightily amused at the kingly airs assumed by the boy, and thinking he is slightly touched in his intellect, proceeds, as he thinks, to humor him with the idea that he is of royal blood. Arriving at Hendon Park he finds that his father is dead and that his younger brother has usurped his place and is endeavoring to alienate the affections of Miles' betrothed, Lady Edith Brandon, and to force her to marry himself. With this object in view, he refuses to recognize Miles, who, he alleges, had been killed in France, and orders him to be bound and scourged as an impostor. The young king endeavors to shield his protector with the thunders of his royal command, but is only laughed at and kicked out of the way.

While all this is going on in Kent the young pauper is living a life of misery amid the splendors of the court. Though he vigorously asseverates that he is not the prince no one believes him, and vague rumors get afloat that overmuch study has turned the young prince's head. The only proof having weight with those around him, which he can adduce, to show that he is not the prince, is that he cannot unclasp a bracelet which he wears on his wrist. This bracelet was given to the English sovereign by a king of France and the secret of its fastening had been confined to the knowledge of the monarch and his heirs. After many amusing incidents arise out of this state of affairs, the real prince returns, and after much difficulty proves his identity by unclasping the bracelet, which had been impossible to the pauper prince. Seated upon his throne and vested with his royal prerogative—for his father, Henry VIII, had died in the meantime—he arranged matters satisfactorily to all. Miles Hendon, his protector, is restored to his rights and to the arms of his betrothed, and the king likewise makes ample provision for the comfort of his *alter ego* and his mother.

When the name of Mark Twain is associated with anything literary we usually approach it with the expectation of having to hold our sides ere we finish it. In this play, however, there is no great occasion for mirth. While it is humorous enough to prevent heaviness, the chief interest is not humorous but romantic. The archaic dignity of the language rather adds to the latter and detracts from the former quality in the play. The action grows in strength and increases in interest as it moves to a conclusion. Tommy Russell makes an almost ideal prince in appearance and interprets his part with a good deal of intelligence. Mr. Charles Kent is excellent in the part of Miles Hendon. The leading female parts, none of which are very heavy, are taken by Miss Marion Russell who plays Princess Elizabeth, Miss Marie Reid as Princess Mary, Miss Merlen Reid as Lady Edith Brandon and Miss Velma Swanston as Mother Canty.

The well known and popular melodrama Held By the Enemy has been drawing crowded houses at Jacobs and Sparrow's this week. The company presenting it is a fairly good one, and is able with the assistance of the excellent scenic and other mechanical attributes to give an interesting entertainment. Mr. Elwood takes the part of Col. Prescott. One of the most interesting characters in this play is Leslie's "Special." This is very well treated by Mr. C. F. Montaine. Mr. W. H. Turner's Uncle Rufus is well played.

Music.

To the only, great and fantastic conductor, Shrouse—to spell her as she is spoke—has been here with his band, and has set a choice band of music lovers afire—some with enthusiasm and some with criticism. The number of these was unfortunately not as large as both the excellence and interest of the performances deserved. This was mainly due to the high prices charged for admission. Strauss can be heard at his home for a trifle, a sum within the reach of nearly every denizen of the imperial city, and could, all summer, have been heard in New York for fifty cents, and a scale of prices ranging from three dollars downward was too much to ask in Toronto. It could not be justified by the value of the concerts either commercially or as subjects of curiosity, and the experience of the local managers is only another milestone which decorates the road followed by those who fancy that the attractions they offer are so irresistible that the public will stand a high tax rather than remain away. Better a full house at moderate prices than an empty house at high prices.

The practical truth of this axiom was emphasized by the very much better performance of Wednesday evening as compared with that of the matinee on the same day. The glamour of gas-light, a large house, and brilliant toilettes interspersed with majestic white shirt fronts certainly affected the great Viennese band; for their playing in the evening might bear the same comparison to that of the afternoon that an ass-light bears to a tallow dip. The critics who attended the matinee felt a woful disappointment at the frequently commonplace character of the playing. Much of this was due to the indifferent quality of tone which may have been owing to the comparatively empty building. The evening concert, however, amply redeemed the faults of the afternoon, and brought out all the strong points of both band and conductor in bold relief.

Eduard Strauss, himself, is a figure that would attract attention as a Conductor under any circumstances. He is not afraid to use space in his directing, and depends upon his influence during the concert fully as much as he does upon perfect rehearsals. To many his attitudes may savor of affectation, but any one who sat near him and watched him closely would see that he was working and in earnest. The muscles of his throat and jaw were knotted and tense with the exercise of his will-power, and I must conclude that the motion of his body and the bounding up and down upon his feet were the results of intense effort and enthusiasm. When he put up his violin and played, he was not a beautiful object to be sure, his bowing was so grotesque, but he made the band play, "all the same." His reading of the Wagner Spinning Song and Entr'Acte from Lohengrin were bizarre, the speed being too great and the whole effect savoring of dance music in a most peculiar manner. Much better were the Gypsy Baron and Si J'etais Roi overtures, though in even these greater smoothness and flow were reached as soon as the rhythm approached a saltatory character.

Better still were the two numbers on Wednesday evening's programme, which were largely assigned to the strings, one an arrangement of an old English song, Once I Loved a Maiden Fair, and the other the well-known Bach prelude. In these a beautiful tone was obtained and fine dynamic contrasts exhibited. Taken at its best the orchestra was marvellously correct in rhythmic agreement, and was rich in exquisite shading. It numbered forty-two musicians, about half of them being wind performers. The latter section was excellent but in the forte passages so strong as to blur the string color. Plentiful rehearsal and watchful care made their playing (when at its best) a delightful exhibitions of orchestral discipline and of the fanciful feeling and sympathetic interpretation of the conductor.

The climax of excellence was reached in the waltzes, which might be separated into two classes, those by Eduard Strauss and those by Johann Strauss. The combination of melody and exquisite harmony with rich and sensuous coloring in the instrumentation which made Johann Strauss' waltzes famous the world over, has not passed to the younger man's works. In fact it may safely be assumed that the style of the elder died with him, the fount being well-nigh exhausted. The compositions of the younger man are more mechanical, not so spontaneous, though scholarly and well designed. Thousand and One Nights, Vienna Blood and the Blue Danube will not readily be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear them on this occasion. Delightful variations of tune, magnificent crescendos, and percussive sforzandos, together with an irresistible swing and dash made them dreamy, seductive, effervescent—in fact everything that was enthralling to the senses. In this Strauss is king.

We may all breathe more freely now! Both the vocal societies have commenced their rehearsals and there has been no blood shed, a consummation we are all of us devoutly grateful for. The only and original Toronto Vocal Society held its first practice on Monday evening in the only and original rooms in Association Hall, with its new conductor and an attendance of one hundred and four voices, all of them good ones, and the question of its musical efficiency is set at rest as far as the strength of its chorus is concerned. Rousing addresses were made by Mr. J. K. Kerr and Mr. George Musson. Mr. Buck has made a fine selection of music for the first concert, among which are: Vineta, Brahms; Madeleine, Roeckel; The Pilgrims, Leslie; Uncertain Light, Schumann; Love's a Rogue, Rheinberger; To the Night, Saint-Saens; The Miller's Wooing, Faning; You'll Never Guess, Percival; Annie Laurie, (male voices) D. Buck; Shades of Eve, Schubert; Ave Maria (ladies' voices) Franz Abt; The Rose, Frederick Clay; A Spring Song, Pinsuti.

The Haslam Vocal Society, with its new name and old record of five successful seasons, made a start on the same evening in a room in Shaftesbury Hall with a force of eighty-five voices, all of them good ones, much of the old blood (of the successful record, not of the new name) being present. Some sixty were old members, with quite a number of absentees, who will be on hand at the next meeting. In this case also the selection of work to be performed is a fine one, although not yet fully made public. From the rivalry which must ensue between two societies organized for the performance of similar music, we may expect rare treats, and all lovers of good part singing will unite in hoping that both organizations will prosper in all details, whether subscription lists or excellence of singing.

On Saturday evening Mr. Frederic Archer gave an organ recital at Association Hall in aid of the Musical Library Fund of the Conservatory of Music. The attendance was not as large as was deserved by either the object of the concert or the well-known virtuosity of the performer, a result much to be regretted. Mr. Archer's selections did not embrace many novelties, that is, pieces he has not played here before, but there is always a delightful freshness that cast a halo about his performances and makes them welcome as the flowers in spring. His technique is so pure and correct that one rarely thinks of his playing as a matter to be criticized in that respect, the prevalent impression being one of delightful ease and flow, while the variety of registration and the fidelity of orchestral reproduction, within the possibilities of the organ, cause wonder and surprise to all alike, professional and layman. Particularly noticeable in this respect were the Tannhæuser and Zanetta overtures. Classical music found thoughtful and effective interpretation in the Rheinberger Sonata in F minor and the Haydn Clock Movement.

Faust up to Date is sadly behind date in its *ensemble* and musical value. The uneven performance which greeted us last year is an idyllic remembrance compared with the jumble that was given to us this week. Miss St. John and Mr. Lonnen, alas, were not there, and their substitutes, respectable and painstaking people though they may have been, were sadly disappointing. One might well exclaim with Hamlet: "Alas! what a falling off was there!" The dresses and scenery were splendid and left nothing to be desired, but the people who were in the said costumes were very much diluted when compared to the original spirits. Marguerite, in the person of Miss Murtha Porteus, was a handsome buxom girl, but the ethereal sprightliness that was characteristic of her predecessor was a forgotten quantity. Her singing at times was good, but was full of queer blatuses where sound was only to be seen, not heard. Still she had a pretty voice when she took the audience into her confidence. Faust, as portrayed by Miss Hilda Thomas, rather gave one the impression that Mephistopheles had not made a complete job of his rejuvenation, and had left the voice of the gay deceiver with too many traces of senility. Mephistopheles himself was a very American devil, and we Canadians could not find his nationality sympathetic.

The Americanisms in the way of wit and current humor with which the burlesque was garnished were weak and lacked both the breadth and point which serve to make such things go. The local alms,—not hits,—which embellished the rendition were mild in the extreme and not always well pointed. Valentine was good and did much to redeem the piece. The famous skirt dance, with its tan-colored hose and diaphanous and accordion pleated drapery was as popular and also as good as ever, the four nymphs who disported themselves in this vagary being graceful and pretty. The procession was splendid in its effect and variety of movement and color, but the chorus singing was simply bad. Imperfect study and bad conductor reached a climax of inefficiency, which was heightened on Saturday last by the fact of imperfect rehearsal attendant upon an opening with two performances in one day.

On Monday evening an effort was made to introduce a series of popular concerts at Temperance Hall. An excellent programme was presented to an audience not at all proportionate in size to the merits of the concert. The performers were Miss Mortimer, Miss Maud Carter, Mr. George Taylor, Mr. S. H. Clark and the band of the Royal Grenadiers.

The season at the College of Music has opened with brilliant prospects and the college work in all branches is now in full swing. The regular weekly concerts, specially arranged for pupils to gain experience before audiences, will be resumed on the first Saturday in October. Lectures, organ recitals, ensemble concerts—vocal and instrumental—are in course of preparation. The advantages to be found in the highest educational institutions are available to pupils within this college. Several classes, free to students, in elementary musical knowledge, violin, history of music and harmony meet every week in the college. In addition, Mr. Torrington's complete reference library with full scores of oratorios, cantatas, operas, symphonies, overtures, and every style of orchestral composition is at the service of the students. That it is intended to occupy even higher ground than already attained may be gathered from the fact that the College of Music is now incorporated by government with a capital of $50,000, Mr. George Gooderham being president of the company, and that it has been affiliated with the University of Toronto.

Mr. Thomas Baugh, who has been for two years bandmaster of Heintzman's Band, and under whose baton the band had reached a state of great efficiency, is leaving the city to seek a larger field for his abilities in New York city. Mr. Baugh's influence here was a good one, and he will be missed.

Mr. Charles Bohner, the efficient and popular purveyor of dance music at many of our social gatherings, has published a new waltz, No Life Without Love, which possesses the qualities of popularity—melodious swing, rhythmic clearness and ease of performance.

METRONOME.

Uncertainty.

JENNIE has a wicked eye,
Yet she is most wondrous shy,
But why?

Jennie says she hates the men,
Still she'll marry. Artful Jen!—
But when?

I've a rival who is rich;
With one of us sweet Jen will hitch—
But which?

—*Munsey's.*

A Miss-Understanding.

American Tourist—I understand, marquis, that you fell in love with a distinguished American lady on account of her pretty foot.

Marquis—Dat is it. Dat is it. De pretty vay she foot de billa.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Petition for Aid.

"What's the trouble between young Bond and his landlady?" "She asked him to say grace at dinner on Sunday, and he said: 'Oh, Lord, for what we are about to receive make us truly thankful, for without Thine aid we are likely to be otherwise.'"—*Echo.*

Two Women

For Saturday Night.

She stands where a thousand candles
Bro.dcast their yellow rays,
Where laugh and song ring all night long,
And music sweeps and sways,
A woman pure and peerless as
The diamonds in her hair,
Her regal footsteps never pass
But heroes worship there,
For queen of all 'mid song and light,
She's conquered every heart t -night.

Alone with the night, a woman
Watches a setting star,
Her heaving breast, her lips compressed
Bespeak a soul at war,
In pure and peerless womanhood,
She throw her world away,
And suffered for another's good
Self sacrifice to-day,
The victor in a nob'e fight,
She's queen of but herself to-night.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

The Change of Leaves.

For Saturday Night.

When autumn's suns are dim in haze,
And winds sigh soft and low,
Throughout the melancholy days
The drowsy brook its carol plays,
And far adown the forest's maze
The birds flit to and fro.

And lying here beneath the trees
I hear their low sweet song;
Its murmurs soothe the troubled breeze
And hush the noisy careless bees,
So strange are all its inquiries
Which thus flow soft along.

With fairy-touch and velvet stroke,
Upon the leaves of beech and oak
And stately maple tree,
There glides a brush in mystic hand
And like a magic elfin-wand
Works wondrous things to see.

Is it some fairy who, at night,
In artist's craft doth take delight
And with a sunset ray
Touches their leaves and thus transforms
Their summer green to brighter charms,
And laughing flies away?

Or does the moon at midnight hour
Practice some mighty, silent power
When men and forests dream?
Or has some rainbow from the sky
Passed through the woodland canopy
And left its glorious gleam?

And rousing from my slumberings,
"O Birds," I made reply,
"Your questions mean a thousand things
That swifter are than eagle's wings;
And reason labors but in vain
If asked their how and why.

"For th' we trace each natural cause
These marvels to explain,
And strive to build up learned laws,
Our fabric is a mass of flaws,
We never reach the great One Cause,
Its mysteries remain.

"But did we know the leaves' bright change
And understand their fall,
No wall could bound our vision's range,
No changing creeds our creed could change,
No doubts our faith could disarrange,
For we would then know All."

JAMES A. TUCKER.

My Laddie? No.

Was it up or down, our boat shot out?
You who are oarsmen maybe know;
There seemed no need that I should heed
Aught save to watch my laddie row.
The floating tresses of the trees
Bent low to kiss the river's edge;
A pipe of bird, whose nest was stirred,
Rose sleepily from out the sedge.

The swift turns of the curving course,
The tranquil nook where lilies slept;
A human flute, now sharp, now hoarse,
As low beneath the bank we crept.
The wet tips of the tiller ropes
Dripped silver in that magic air;
The river's edge, like giant hedge,
Grew dense with shadows black and bare.

A sudden flash of gleaming lamps,
Where sweet, shrill laughter pierced the night;
A glint and glow on us below.
Then—stillness—and the rare moonlight,
A tawny head in crimson cap,
Eyes, honest eyes, most darkly blue,
Bare arms of snow that come and go
Athwart a statue's rosy hue.

O Moon! what strange dementia breeds?
What stirs this quiet pulse of mine?
What vision sweet and incomplete
Illumes the world with light divine?
No answer! But the moon shines on,
Smiling, maybap, with gentle glee.
Why should I wish with her to kiss
The rower, who is not for me?

Some day the statue will arouse;
The marble arms with warmth will glow;
Then is his boat another'll float,
And she will watch my laddie row.
"And why," you ask, "to other loves
Do I resign my gondolier?"
"Because (ah, me! the cruelty!)
I am his maiden aunt, my dear."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The First Kiss.

She came to meet me by the sunlit stream,
The large, low orb turning her hair to gold,
A bunch of dusky violets in the fold
Screening her throat—while as an angel's dream.
I would have claimed my first kiss then and there,
Had not a hidden blue-bird trilled, "Beware!"

She came again, when the cool-breasted night
Was tricked with silver by the broad, white moon.
I heard my heart say, "Soon, ah, sweet, how soon
Thy lips and mine shall blend!"—but so the light
Fell on her brow and eyes of amethyst,
She seemed too pure—too holy to be kissed.

Again, when sun and moon had lost their skies
Unto the stars—those lamps to guide young love—
Shy as a hawk, more gentle than a dove,
My sweetheart came and looked into my eyes
And murmured words of love. Then, ere I knew,
My lips were fed on roses sweet with dew.

Noted People.

Andrew Carnegie's mascot is a brass telegraph key. He keeps it in a glass case.

John Boyle O'Reilly, reporter, poet, editor, left an estate valued at something over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Prince Albert Victor is the only son of a Prince of Wales who has taken his seat in the House of Lords before his father's accession to the throne.

The Empress of Austria recently made a quiet visit to Paris, where her rooms at the Hotel Meurice were taken in the name of Madame Nicholas.

D. G. Mitchell, better known as "Ik Marvel," broke his left arm a fortnight ago by falling off a low rock while walking about the grounds of his country residence in Woodbridge.

Miss Kate Greenaway's father is dead. He was an engraver, and it was from him that his daughter inherited the talent which has made her name so intimately associated with quaintness in children's dress.

A native Indian novelist is the latest reported product of this era of culture. His name is Peak of Thunder, he lives in Indian Territory, and his book is a very well-written romance of life and love in his own country.

The vice-president of Newham College, after eleven years' experience at Cambridge, is convinced that the full cultivation of women's intellectual powers has a tendency to prevent them from properly discharging domestic duties. The lady is Miss Helen Gladstone.

Ruskin says of his childhood: "The ceaseless authority exercised over my youth left me, when cast out at last into the world, unable for some time to do more than drift with its vortices." He thinks that children "should have their times of being off duty like soldiers."

It is said that Mrs. Dorothy Stanley cares little or nothing for dress, having always used her keen, artistic sense of color and form in her work to so great an extent that her interest in these things has almost exhausted itself there; but, nevertheless, she looks charming in a dress that suits her.

Oscar Wilde delivered himself of the following, upon being invited to the dinner of the Thirteen Club in London, which he would not attend on the ground that the object of the club to abolish the superstition was reprehensible and "dreadful." "Leave us some unreality," he says; "don't make us too offensively same."

Dr. Pellegrini, the newly elected President of the Argentine Republic, is a cousin of the celebrated English statesman, the late Mr. John Bright. His grandmother's maiden name was Priscilla Bright, the favorite sister of Mr. Bright's father, Jacob Bright. She married a Quaker gentleman of London, named Bevan, who went out in the interests of science to Buenos Ayres.

Mr. J. M. Whistler, the well known artist, has always been celebrated for setting the conventionalities of "society" at defiance, which was strikingly exemplified by his marriage. The lady whom he wedded was formerly one of his "models," and used to attend his studio under the care of her mother. Mr. Whistler recognized the young lady's qualities, lost his heart, and soon after married her.

Miss Concordia Lofving, the Swedish author, is vice-president of the Society for the Promotion of Good, whose aim is to insure, by the formation of agricultural colonies, the physical and moral welfare of outcast or uncared for children. The authorities of the University in Paris lately granted her the use of the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne—never before opened to a private person—for a lecture explaining the needs and merits of her system.

Davis Dalton, who swam the Channel on his back, is a New Yorker by birth, but he has not stayed by any means all his years in the Empire City. He has traveled so much in various parts of the world, always bent on the same natatory feat, that he has acquired the accent, easy freedom and manner of dress of the cosmopolitan Englishman. The appearance of Dalton is not imposing, for he only stands five feet five and a half; but he is muscular and as "hard as nails," as the saying goes.

When Rubinstein was once giving pianoforte recitals in London, he was one day accosted in a passage of the building by a lady, who explained that she was too poor to buy a ticket for the performance. She therefore begged the great man to give her one. "Madame," said Rubinstein, "the fact is that to-night I have but one seat in the house at my disposal; but if you do not mind occupying it, it is entirely at your service." "I am very much obliged. May I ask where the seat is?" inquired the delighted applicant. "At the piano," said the master, with his best bow. The lady was not present that night.

Robespierre petted pigeons and doves, Sir Isaac Newton fondled a pet poodle, Addison had a fondness for birds and so did Victor Hugo. Scott loved dogs and Goethe hated them. Julian Hawthorne has a pet crow and a hawk, Sam Johnson liked cats, Ouida has a parrot, Patti is followed by a large St. Bernard and Aimee used to carry a tan-terrier in her arms while touring. In Whistler's orchard the same robin has built its nest for many years. Hannah More caressed a bull-finch, John Wilson doted on horses, George Francis Train feeds the sparrows and Schiller used to wander beside the waters of the Tepl and scatter crumbs to the trout and perch.

Sir John Millais is an enthusiastic lover of English sports—hunting being one of his favorite pastimes. He is also a capital horseman and good shot. His figure is one which we might justly associate with such traits, tall, well-knit and capable in every point, while his clearly cut features and high brow impart the artist's look. He is also a first-rate fisher, and makes yearly expeditions to the north, to enjoy the salmon-fishing of the Tay. Millais greatly admires Scotland, and all things Scotch; the nationality of his wife, no doubt, has something to do with this. He has been known to say, that "Scotland is like a wet pebble with the colors brought out by the rain," and "Three hours' sunshine in Scotland is worth three months' sunshine in Cairo." He has depicted the beauty of Scotch scenery in many of his landscapes.

In Pursuit of Happiness---No. 2

OUR first camp was on the shore of Lake Helen, and looking across the little bay whence flow its waters into the last section of the River Nepigon one can see the little white mission and cluster of decent cottages about it, which brings to the mind the fact that Roman Catholicism is, and has been, the chief religious pioneer of all this district. On the few hundred acres of lowland which lie beneath the bluff, bordered on one side by the lake, the mission was established many years ago, and hither goes a reverend father, once a month, to preach to the Indians and wait in the confessional for an account of the misdoings of the red skinned adherents of his church. As far as I could learn, the progress towards civilizing the Indians has been slow. Nothing seems to quiet their lust for drink, or their tendency to overlook moral transgressions which, in white society, are considered serious. Looking directly up the lake, some four or five miles away, a long, reedy point stretches out, and it is around this that our course trends.

Loading a canoe, if the load be bulky and heavy, is a delicate operation, but one which these river Indians thoroughly understand. There was considerable and not unnatural competition between the crews of the different canoes as to which should be able to prevail on the other to take the heavier load. Our Indians claimed that they had the worst of it, the others sulked somewhat because they had been given more than their share. Then there was complaint that the other fellows had the better paddles, and Martin Ducharme, who sat in the stern of our canoe, had a very dark colored ha'o as we sailed away, and his remarks were more or less profane. Our canoe leaked, our paddles were bad, our load was too heavy, he had the fat man—that referred to myself—and he was encumbered with disabilities which, from the way he dwelt upon them, had never before beset to an Indian guide. His brother-in-law sat in the bow and paddled vigorously, perspired copiously and made no remarks, but we were uninterruptedly under the ban of our guide's displeasure. The other canoe, more venturesome, struck out a straight course for the point, we hugged the shore somewhat. Of course the other fellows beat us and the irascible Martin took this as a personal affront. By dodging through the reeds we made a little time, but the other canoe was considerably ahead of us as we reached the Indian village.

This Indian village was a very remarkable place. It stood high on the bank, down which a little stream of filth trickled to the landing-place. It had a picturesqueness all its own, tepees mingling with the foliage of the woods in a very fantastic way; dogs, puppies, pappooses, clothes-lines and dirty ragged tents also lending their pagan peculiarities to the scene. I decided to take a photograph of it, and while Martin repaired the leak in our canoe Joe induced the Indians, squaws and pappooses to group themselves for one of my art pictures. Photography among the aborigines is not a pleasant task. Between sixty and eighty dogs manifested a desire to have a piece of my leg. When at last I got the camera in shape for business and levelled it at a great big, smoke-colored wigwam, the dogs thought it absolutely necessary to charge on me and finish me before any further harm was done. Joe told me that I need not be afraid, they wouldn't bite me. I told him I was afraid, and I was blamed sure they would bite me. I handed him a couple of dollars in small change to pass around and I thereby purchased the influence of enough bedraggled-looking squaws to avert the wolfing process which I expected.

I had grouped in front of the camera about fifty alleged human beings, made up of three bucks, thirty squaws, the balance in pappooses, and the entire festive scene fringed about with dogs, gaunt and expectant, which sat on their haunches and posed for their pictures. Just as I was ready to take the picture a toothless hag who looked to be seven or eight hundred years old hobbled out leading a big yellow cur, or rather the cur was leading her. She got in the foreground and when I looked at the focussing screen there was nothing but a toothless old squaw and yellow dog in sight. After about ten minutes' explanation she retired to where I could get a few of the balance of them. I squeezed the bulb which communicated with the instantaneous arrangement; I heard something go "zip" and I supposed it was all right, but Riley, remembering the morning's experience, went up and looked at it and found it had got stuck again. Of course the picture was spoiled. I had no other plate in the slides and we had to retire without a photograph of that historical group. Even the parson muttered something *sotto voce*, for he and the balance of the party appreciated the fact that never since the invention of photography had there been another such a measly, vagabondish and vermin-eaten crowd gathered in front of a camera. That picture, if I had succeeded in taking it, would have made my fortune, but I could not do anything more till night came on and I changed the plates in the slides. I promised myself to photograph that group as I came down the river if it took all day—how I succeeded the sequel will show, as they say in thrilling narratives.

From this point the river became exceedingly swift. Though the loads had been readjusted Joe still succeeded in outpaddling Martin. In dodging through the eddies and getting around the points the Indian Adonis was always the more successful, and as dinner time came on Martin grew exceedingly cross and insisted upon camping before the balance of us were ready. Our relations grew somewhat strained on account of this, but the dinner was very good, fat pork and real raw onions being the chief features of the feast. The great big bald mountain which we had passed still loomed up as if it were likely to travel with us, and as robes for its journey had gathered about itself the blue and hazy tints which with its immense size and apparent nearness dominated the landscape. The river grew swifter, and every now and then, when the Indian in the stern shouted "Hup!" to his companion, and we darted across the rapids, there was some thrill in the voyaging. Martin's evident desire to show his skill by crossing a little higher up than the point selected by Joe, who still led him, made me feel a little uncomfortable, but no accident happened us, and quite early in the afternoon we paddled across the swirling pool at the foot of the rapids, which surge around the elevated point known to Nepigon fishermen as Camp Alexander.

A couple of miles above Camp Alexander the Nepigon sweeps over Cameron Falls, affording one of the most magnificent spectacles on the whole river; and you must remember that the Nepigon is not a creek, called a river by courtesy. Except in the deep and narrow gorges it is nearly half a mile wide, and where it spreads, as it often does, into lakes, it is three and four miles wide. Nor is it merely wide. It is deep and there are few rivers of its length and width which discharge such an enormous volume of water, its current is so wondrous swift in many places reminding one very forcibly of Niagara below the falls. After the rapids beneath Cameron Falls, the river becomes broad and shallow, lashed into spray and divided into channels and beautified by little cataracts as it strikes the enormous boulders which fill its bed. Just above Point Alexander it broadens into an almost circular lakelet around which the current flows with considerable swiftness emptying itself not far from the place of ingress over a little fall at the point of the long peninsula which separates the pool above the camp from an almost equally large one below. The point of the peninsula is high, rocky and scarred by the camp fires of the fishermen who have slept within the roar of the waters for these many years. The point is not over thirty or forty feet wide for several hundred yards of its length, and for nearly half a mile it is not so broad but that a stone can be thrown across it. It is not well timbered, the low brush, poplar and birch but half concealing the rocks over which stunted grass and faded lichen have vainly sought to wrap themselves. A considerable colony of tin cans and broken bottles mark the annual influx of civilized man, but nowhere else within the reach of the eye is there any sign that the wilderness had ever before been disturbed. Above us lay the bright waters of the upper pool, the white caps of the rapids barely showing where the waters were emptied therein by the hidden river. Jack-pine and poplar cast their shadows into the water, and here and there the bright fins of the trout as they rose after a fly disturbed the silvery surface. We pitched our camp at the very point, in sight of both the upper and lower pool and as near as possible to the white foam and unending song of the fall which connects the two. If there is any prettier camping-place in America I should like to see it.

The surface is so rocky it is almost impossible to drive tent stakes, so rocks were used to keep our flimsy house from flying away. Near by was the provision tent and a little farther away the one in which the Indians slept. The Indians were busy all afternoon bringing firewood from the other bank and we had to fish from the shore. The Professor was the only one who had any luck. He landed a three-and-a-quarter pound trout almost immediately, that is to say after he got his flies fastened in the brush a few times and had fallen in the water and betrayed many other eccentricities for which he afterwards became noted. Throughout the whole trip he had greater success than any of us in catching large fish, and generally had luck when we had none. We wondered at it for he was a guileless man. He threw his line as if there was nothing or nobody behind him or around him, and in consequence had the Indians either climbing or chopping down trees a good deal of their spare time. What he could not break he would lose and he was known to the other five of us as the champion loser of America. He seemed to be thinking about something else when he was not actively engaged in fishing, and when he was fishing he tore his clothes, let the black flies bite him and the mosquitoes suck his blood with apparent unconcern. He would as readily wade out in the water up to his chin after fish as sit down to his dinner, and when he took off his wet clothes he could neither find his dry ones nor fifteen minutes afterwards remember where he left his wet ones. One night when it rained and I got some of my garments wet, I hung them on the pole by the fire. Next morning I rose early to try my luck. My clothes were gone. I went back to bed, as I had no others convenient. An hour later the Professor came in, my garments soaking wet, mud plastered on the trowsers up to the knees, a number of the seams ripped, and altogether in a most disreputable condition. I protested somewhat vigorously that I was not wading in those clothes, and I did not want anyone else to wear them in the water. In a manner both childlike and bland, he explained to me that I had made a mistake—that those were his clothes. He could not be convinced until, wrapped up in a blanket, I hunted around and found his apparel of the day before lying in a puddle of water, just where he took them off. The Professor's absence of mind was a study, and, until I got used to him, I confess somewhat of an annoyance.

We each had a dunnage bag for our clothing and all except the Professor an extra one for bedding. When we packed up our stuff the Professor put whatever was left in his bag and supposed it was his. Any trifles such as shirts left out to dry on a bush, wet trousers, shoes, stockings, etc., he presumed were in his bag and made no further search until finally I utilized a big striped sack which once belonged to a pack saddle as the Wonder Bag, and into this everything was thrown after the rest of us had finished packing. Inside of two days this was the customary place for the Professor's luggage. Often after removing his wet clothes on his return from wading in the river the Professor, covered partially by a towel, would stand shivering at the door of the tent asking us individually and collectively if we would be kind enough to look through our dunnage bags for enough clothes to keep the mosquitoes off him. If we hadn't taken care of him I am positive that before we had gotten over the long portage the Professor would have been as naked as Adam, without even a rod, line or fly to distinguish him from the traditional wild man of the woods.

But if the Professor was somewhat absent-minded and negligent the equilibrium of the outfit was restored by the presence of a gentleman who was the personification of thoughtfulness, neatness and order. When the various tasks were divided the Professor was made chaplain, the Genius was given charge of the tackle, and was supposed to make such repairs as the balance of us were unable to look after ourselves. Tomsing had charge of the provision tent, Riley was secretary-treasurer, I was to be historian and have charge of the Indians, and the sleeping tent was put in charge of the esteemed gentleman whose unceasing kindness and thoughtful industry did so much to make our excursion a success. So good was he to all of us that I took the liberty of nicknaming him Pa., and truly enough he was the peace and comfort of the party. To Pa. the Professor was a source of continual anxiety and it soon became necessary for Pa. to associate Riley with him in the task of keeping track of the things the Chaplain had not already lost. As a sample of the Professor's skill in disposing of things I may mention that our associated tackle in the way of flies, artificial bait, etc., had been placed in a black valise and when we left Port Arthur this one valise was given to the Professor as his share of the things to be looked after. We had nearly reached Nepigon before it was discovered that the black bag was missing. The Professor distinctly recollected putting it in the car and we endeavored to prove to ourselves that it had fallen out of the window. Others held that it had gone by the Winnipeg train by mistake. We telegraphed all over the country. At last it was discovered that the bag had been left on the platform just where the Professor had been given it. Each night as we camped we found a different lot of bed clothing in his bag. He always had a distinct recollection that that was his. We used to change it regularly to see if his memory was always good. It never failed him. Finally Pa., in desperation, took charge of everything belonging to the Professor excepting his underclothes and Bible.

DON.

She'd Fix It.

Tramp—Say, mum, your dog bit me. Lady—Well, never mind, I'll wash his mouth out.

The Mysterious Letter.

A party of travelers on an Atlantic steamship were telling ghost stories. Rev. Mr. Cryder of the Church of England was of the party. He listened, but did not talk. When all the others had exerted all their ability in the production of goose flesh, a facetious youth urged Mr. Cryder, who was a man of much dignity and solemn appearance. No one thought he would comply. But he did. "Ten years ago," he said, "I was a poor curate in a small Berkshire village, when, through the influence of some friends, I received an invitation to preach a trial sermon at one of our London churches. Not wishing to be lost, for I had to provide a substitute, arrange my ideas, pack my things, and, everything being at last in proper shape, I hastened to the railroad station to take the lightning express for London. So absorbed was I in my thoughts, for a call to London is an event in a young curate's life, I might say the event—that I paid no attention to my surroundings, but suddenly I noticed a person walking before me on the plank road whom I had not seen before. He was a stout, square-built man, with red whiskers and a bald head, who seemed to suffer intensely from the heat, for he carried his hat in his hand and pulled out a large blue handkerchief, no doubt to wipe off the perspiration from his brow, for it was a very sultry August day. In taking out his handkerchief he dropped a letter. I picked it up to give it to him, when suddenly I saw that the address was in my mother's handwriting. My sainted mother's who had been dead for more than five years. I stopped in surprise. I rubbed my eyes, but there it was, my dear mother's well-known writing, and the letter was addressed: 'To the Reverend Benjamin Cryder, Stonebridge, County of Berkshire, England.' That was it. There was no postmark on it, and I did not know whether to open it or ask the red-whiskered man for an explanation, when I heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive and saw the train roll into the station. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me; ran, as it were, for dear life, but too late, for when I reached the station the train was gone, and so was the letter. I thought I must have dropped it. I hastened to the spot where I had found it, but in vain, and after an hour's needless search could do nothing but telegraph to London and resign myself to my fate, for it was the last train on Saturday night, and I felt as though I had lost my only chance in life. 'Thy will be done,' I prayed that night, 'and if I am to remain a poor curate, let me thank Thee for Thy great mercy to have kept me away from the wickedness of the great city and its manifold temptations.' When next day I went to church, bright with cheerfulness, my parishioners stared as if they had seen a ghost, and the sexton rushed forward, grasping me by both hands. 'You alone saved, Mr. Cryder!' 'Saved from what!' 'From the railroad wreck.' 'I don't know of any railroad wreck. Has there been an accident?' 'Why, the train on which you meant to go to London has been thrown down an embankment and nearly every passenger killed!'" The ghost-story tellers were speechless, and even the facetious youth did not dare to doubt the reverend narrator's truthfulness. "Did you ever obtain a clue to that mysterious letter?" Mr. Cryder was asked. "Never. I regard it as an interference of my departed mother by special permission of Providence." "And how did it end?" "I preached in London on the next Sunday, and was installed as Rector of St. ——— Church a few weeks afterward."—*New York Times.*

The Hair and Whiskers of Congressmen.

It is most interesting to look down from the press gallery of the House of Representatives with a correspondent upon that great national assembly in session and observe the varying peculiarities of hirsute adornment affected by the members. Take Tom Reed, the Speaker, for instance. You will notice that his mustache is decidedly the poorest affair of its kind in the House. It is rather undergrown, stubbly and turned down at the corners of the mouth; in fact, its owner would be a better looking man without it. As your eye wanders over the assemblage of legislators sitting row upon row at their desks as if so many schoolboys, with Speaker Reed for a teacher and each pupil taking his turn to recite, you notice that a majority of the members have mustaches and are clean shaved otherwise. With the younger ones this is the almost universal fashion, though Henry Cabot Lodge of Boston, dilettante society man and framer of the famous Force Bill, is a notable exception, with his short light-brown beard usually trained to a point. On the whole Harry Bingham from Philadelphia has the fiercest mustache in Congress though it is not very big. It is always pulled straight out horizontally, and has an expression of its own. Benjamin Franklin Shively of Indiana must expend more wax upon his mustache than any of his fellow representatives. The ornament is petered out, so to speak, into ends four or five inches long, which are trained upward. One of the prettiest mustaches in the House is a blonde one that is the property of Walter I. Hays of Iowa. Mudd of Maryland is another of the many who turn their mustaches up instead of down. Elijah A. Morse of Massachusetts, the stovepolish man, has the finest whiker in Congress, though Buchanan of New Jersey runs him closer for the honors. Not to be forgotten is the full, iron-gray beard of the redoubtable Bill Springer, the inveterate kicker from Illinois, whose fighting capacity is such that even Speaker Reed is unable to put him down.

Looking over the heads of the members you notice that many of them have lost more or less of their natural covering from the place where the part ought to be. Bingham of Philadelphia, Hitt of Illinois, Culberson of Pennsylvania and many others all brush their hair with a towel. You can see for yourself from the examples they afford that baldness is not beautifying. That is the reason, it is said, that Vice-President Morton wears a wig. One thing you will notice, there is very little baldness in the Senate, considering what a venerable body it is, and the average senator, whether for the sake of dignity or for other reasons, wears more hair on his face than does the average representative.

Another One for the Baron.

A good story is told of Baron Rothschild of Paris, who, as is well known, possesses almost fabulous wealth. Having occasion to enter an omnibus, in a fit of abstraction he was about going away without paying. The driver stopped him and demanded his fare. Rothschild felt in his pocket, but he had not a copper in change. The driver was very wroth.

"Well, what did you get in for if you could not pay? You must have known that you had no money."

"I am Baron Rothschild!" exclaimed the great capitalist, "and here is my card."

The driver threw the card into the gutter.

"Never heard of you before," said the driver, "and I don't want to hear of you again. But I want my fare—and I must have it!"

The great banker was in haste.

"I have only an order for a billion," he said; "give me change!" and he proffered a coupon for fifty thousand francs.

The conductor stared, and the passengers set up a hoarse laugh. Just then a friend passed by, and the Baron borrowed of him the necessary six sous, thus releasing himself from a most unpleasant predicament.

While Looking at the Vase.

Visitor—What grotesque faces the Japanese put on their wares.

Johnny—They ain't a marker to the ones pop puts on when he has to pay for 'em.—*Judge.*

Sure Signs.

"Ma, the minister is coming." "What makes you think so? Did you see him?" "No; but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable."

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VIOLET MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.

Violet's life became more and more pleasant as time went on. Her pupil continued to make marked and steady progress in her studies, while in music she was becoming wonderfully proficient. She also grew more cheerful and equable in temperament, and Mr. Lawrence was constantly congratulating himself upon having secured such a treasure for a governess.

He was not long in discovering, also, that she was a very cultivated young woman, and decedingly companionable as well, for, while Violet was conscientious in the discharge of her duties toward her charge, she did not neglect any opportunity to improve herself.

She took up a course of reading which could not fail to expand her mind and enlarge her views of life; kept herself informed regarding passing events, while she devoted the greater portion of her evenings, after Bertha had retired, to music, both vocal and instrumental.

No one who had known her in the old days in Cincinnati would have believed it possible that she could have changed in so short a time from a careless girl into this self-contained yet gracious woman, who charmed every one with her sweet dignity, her beautiful face, and cultured conversation, and Mr. Lawrence was not slow to appreciate his good fortune in having so lovely a woman in his home.

"She would grace the highest position in the land," he told himself, one night, when, at his request, she had presided over his table at a select dinner party, bearing herself with so much ease and grace, and displaying so much tact, that he was charmed and his guests eloquent in their praises of her.

From that time he began to show her, in a quiet way, numberless little attentions. If he heard her express a desire, it was unostentatiously gratified within twenty-four hours. If she mentioned a book or picture, it appeared as if by magic—the one among the collection upon Bertha's shelves, the other somewhere upon the walls of her sitting-room, while every day the choicest of flowers found their way, by some unseen agency, to the little table which was devoted to Violet's especial use.

Once or twice every week Mr. Lawrence would come home to lunch, bringing opera or theater tickets for a matinee, and though Bertha and the housekeeper were always included in these pleasures, for form's sake, it was evident that the gentleman was most anxious to contribute to the enjoyment of his governess, for he always managed to ascertain her preference, and in this way Violet had opportunity to hear the best histrionic and musical talent.

Every pleasant afternoon he would plan a drive or a visit to some picture gallery or museum of art for her and Bertha, who, notwithstanding her imperfect sight, enjoyed listening to a description of the beautiful and interesting things about her, while it was something new and delightful to have her papa such a devoted and faithful attendant.

One day, for a change, they drove out to one of the reservoirs which supply New York city with water.

Violet had been unusually happy all the week; her pleasant life, the kind care and attention so constantly thrown around her, all contributed to make the world seem a very delightful place once more, even though its chief joy and light for her had been removed.

She and Bertha had been in an unusually gay mood for them, and Mr Lawrence thought he had never seen Miss Huntington look so pretty and appear so charming.

Her musical laugh, her ready repartee, her bright animated countenance, amused and cheered him, making him feel younger by a score of years than he really was.

They rode about the reservoir, over the broad smooth drives for a while, and then Bertha begged that they might get out and walk about, for she wanted to get nearer the water.

Mr. Lawrence, always willing to indulge her, acceded to her request, and all three alighting, he told the coachman to drive slowly about until he should signal for him.

Then they spent half an hour or more strolling along the water's edge, to Bertha's great enjoyment, after which Violet expressed a wish to see the inside of the house, for she had never had an opportunity to visit one.

They proceeded thither, it being quite near, and, Mr. Lawrence having obtained permission of the keeper, they went in with the huge vaults, together with the massive engine, by which the engineer controlled the waters which kept with such ceaseless pressure through the caverns below and on toward their various channels in the city.

They all became very much interested in watching the ponderous machinery, and there was a strange fascination in the endless hurry and rush of the water beneath them.

But all at once, nobody could ever tell afterward how it happened, Bertha made a misstep, and would have fallen beneath the railing and in among the machinery below, had Violet darted forward, seized her by her clothing, and drawn her quickly out of harm's way. In doing so, however, she herself fell, or was thrown, with great force against the railing, and when Mr. Lawrence led them both farther away, she was very pale and quivering, from head to foot, with mingled pain and fright.

"Are you hurt, Bertha?" she asked, bending over the weeping girl, who had been terribly startled by the accident.

"I guess not, but—oh! my heart beats so I cannot breathe," she panted, in reply.

"I am very glad—I—was—afraid."

Violet could get no further, but reeled dizzily and would have fallen if Mr. Lawrence had not sprung to her side, and, throwing his arm about her slight form, asked with great anxiety:

"What is it, Miss Huntington—are you hurt?"

"My arm," Violet murmured, with white lips, and, glancing down, he saw that her left arm was hanging helplessly by her side.

"Ah! you must have hurt it when you fell against the railing," he said, his face and tone both expressing great concern. Then he added: "Can you lift it? Can you move it?"

Violet made an effort to do so, but the pain it produced was intolerable, and at the moment she was lying unconscious in Mr. Lawrence's arms.

He laid her gently upon the floor, and took advantage of her insensibility to make an examination of the injured member, when, to his consternation, he discovered that it was broken just above the elbow.

Bidding Bertha stay close beside her teacher, he then darted out of the building, and, his carriage fortunately being within hailing distance, he signaled for the coachman to come there.

Without waiting for Violet to recover consciousness, he, with the assistance of one of the men who belonged in the gate house, lifted her into the carriage, placing her as comfortably as possible upon one of the seats, and then bade the coachman drive with all possible speed back to the city.

Mr. Lawrence had saturated his handkerchief with water before starting, and now devoted himself to the task of reviving the insensible girl, by bathing her face, and chafing her uninjured hand to restore circulation.

Violet soon began to come to herself, but only to experience intense suffering, while her bruised and broken arm had begun to swell frightfully.

"This is very unfortunate—I am very sorry," Mr. Lawrence said, deep solicitude expressed in both tone and countenance, while Bertha sat beside him weeping silently from sympathy.

Violet tried to bear her pain with fortitude. She made no outward demonstration or complaint; but her colorless face, contracted brow and the wild look in her eyes betrayed but too plainly that her suffering was excruciating.

The fleet horses made good time, and in less than an hour they were home.

Violet was tenderly lifted from the carriage and borne to her own room, whither the housekeeper and servants were summoned to attend her, while Mr. Lawrence himself went for a surgeon.

Mrs. Davis was a kind, motherly woman, and seemed to know just what needed to be done in this emergency. She cut away the sleeve of Violet's dress and underclothing, thus releasing the wounded arm from its painful bondage, and then wrapped it in wet cloths to reduce the swelling and allay the inflammation.

Twenty minutes later a skilful surgeon was on the spot, ether was administered to his patient, then the broken bone was quickly and nicely set, the arm bandaged, and Dr. Ashley declared that it would be as good as new in the course of three or four weeks.

When Violet came to herself again, the agonizing pain, which she had suffered before the administration of ether, was gone, and though she was weak and feverish, she was comparatively comfortable.

But the shock to her system had been severe, and she was obliged to keep her bed for several days, although she told Mr. Lawrence that it was simply a pleasure to be sick when every one was so kind and attentive to her.

Of course Mr. Lawrence did not see her during this time, and he began to be conscious of an oppressive feeling of loneliness; the house seemed empty, desolate, without her.

This sensation followed him everywhere he went; at the table he could not eat as usual, while his glance constantly roved to Violet's empty chair. In his library he was unable to could find plenty of entertainment, and even in Bertha's sitting-room, where he spent much time trying to amuse her, and to make up to her as much as possible for the loss of her companion, he was conscious of something wanting.

"If I miss her like this for a few days, what shall I do if she ever goes away to stay!" he asked himself one evening, when he was feeling more lonely than usual.

A wave of hot color mounted to his brow; then receding as quickly, left his face blanched with a sudden discovery and an unaccountable feeling of dread.

"What is all this!" he muttered, half angrily; "am I, after all these years, going to lose my head over a girl not half my age?"

He sprang to his feet and began to pace the floor with a nervous, uncertain tread, while during the next few days he appeared as if oppressed by some heavy burden.

Before a week had passed from the day of Violet's accident, she was up and anxious to resume her usual duties.

Mr. Lawrence went upstairs, one morning, to Bertha's room to amuse the child, as he had been doing of late, and found the young teacher sitting beside her pupil at the piano, trying to direct her practice, and his fine face at once assumed a look of undisguised disapproval, even though Violet glanced up and bade him a smiling good-morning.

"My dear Miss Huntington, this will not do at all," he said, gravely; "you are not to try your strength or take your accustomed place until your arm is entirely well, and you have fully recovered from the effects of your injury."

"But, I assure you, I am feeling nicely. If this left hand of mine was only at liberty, I could be wholly myself again," with her bowing bending a regretful look upon the helpless member in its sling.

"That may be; but I am nevertheless going to prohibit all lessons, at least until you can dispense with this," the gentleman replied, as he softly touched the spotless handkerchief suspended about her neck.

"What shall we do with ourselves, Bertha, if papa is going to be so tyrannical?" Violet asked, in a tone of mock despair, but bestowing at the same time a pleasant glance upon her patron for his consideration.

"The days are very long, papa, when I don't attend to my lessons with Miss Huntington," Bertha said, with a sigh; "but I love her so well that I do not want her to do anything to make herself ill."

"That is my good girl," Mr. Lawrence replied, heartily; "but I imagine we can arrange everything satisfactorily. Suppose we begin by seeing what we can do with the two hours between now and lunch time," and he drew a new book from one of his pockets as he spoke; "I think I have something nice here for you both."

He wheeled an easy-chair into the bay-window, where the sun shone in most invitingly, and made Violet occupy it; then with Bertha on a hassock at his feet, he began to read a recent and extremely interesting story.

The two hours slipped by on magic wings, and then, as Mary appeared with a tempting viands, Mr. Lawrence invited himself to lunch with them, and they had a right merry time together as they ate.

A little later he ordered the carriage, and they all went for a drive, returning just in time to prepare for dinner.

Violet had not dined with the family since her injury, for, having only one hand at her command, she was sensitive about appearing awkward. But to-day Mr. Lawrence particularly requested that she would favor them with her presence again, if she felt able to come down.

She obeyed.

"I so helpless——" she began, when he interrupted her, saying, with a strange note in his voice, which she had never heard before:

"And for that very reason I wish to make myself useful to you; besides, Bertha and I are very lonely without you.

The color grew deeper upon Violet's cheek, for both his look and tone were very earnest; but she promised to come down to dine with them, and then ran up to her room to make some slight change in her attire.

During dinner Mr. Lawrence was kindly attentive. He cut her meat for her, and an ostentatiously prepared whatever would be awkward for her to manage, talking all the while upon some entertaining subject, and made himself so agreeable and helpful without out the meal that Violet was glad that she had consented to resume her place at the table.

After that she came down every day, and grew quite used to having him care for her, and found it very pleasant, too.

"He is like a dear, kind father, only a great deal more thoughtful and attentive than most fathers would be," she told herself, when thinking it over afterward, and how he had interposed in every way to prevent her from feeling awkward in accepting his attentions.

Mr. Lawrence kept his word—he would allow no more lessons while she was crippled, but planned some amusement or pleasant trip for every day, until she was entirely well.

Once she remonstrated against the idle life she was leading.

"Mr. Lawrence," she said, "I do not feel right about this. I ought to be at work—I am not earning my salt."

"And why should you!" he asked, gravely.

"But I came here to perform certain duties, and I am doing nothing but playing—just drifting along, and having a pleasant time," she explained.

"I hope so; but I am very sorry if you feel any weight of obligation, when that should rest upon me," he returned, in the same tone as before. "Miss Huntington, do you imagine that is is nothing to me that you saved my child from some serious accident—perhaps from death? Do you think me so ungrateful as not to wish to do everything possible for you, when you have suffered so much in your efforts to save her? I hope we shall hear no more about your earning your salt—that, and everything else, has been already earned a good many times over," he concluded, with a luminous smile.

Violet had not thought of it in this way before, but she was effectually silenced, and objected no more at anything he chose to do for her.

One rainy morning, they had an unusually merry time over a humorous story which Mr. Lawrence read to them.

"What a jolly time we are having, papa!" Bertha remarked, with a long drawn breath of content, when the story was concluded.

"You are right, pet, and I only hope you will always be as happy," her father returned, fondly, as he stroked her glossy hair.

"Of course, I am sorry that Miss Huntington's arm had to be broken," the child continued, naively, "but we have had such delightful times during that time, that three weeks that I wish it could always last, don't you?"

"It would be very pleasant, Bertha," said her father, musingly.

"I think we three make just the nicest chums," the little miss went on; "wouldn't it be fine if we could stay so, and always be together!"

Mr. Lawrence's fine eyes were resting upon the fair face of his child's governess at that moment, and there was a strangely wistful look in them, a tender, tremulous expression about his handsome mouth, also.

"It would, indeed, dear," he said, more as if speaking to himself than answer to her, but in such an intensely earnest tone that it sent a sudden thrill through Violet's heart.

Involuntarily she lifted her eyes, met his look, and something in it made the hot blood come surging up to her brow and lose itself amid the waves of golden hair, that lay in such pretty confusion there.

"Don't you wish so, too, Miss Huntington?" Bertha questioned, turning to her, and all unconscious that she was treading upon delicate ground.

Violet's eyes drooped, and she turned to the window to hide the vivid color in her cheeks.

She hesitated a moment before replying to the child's question, then she said, in a low, quiet voice:

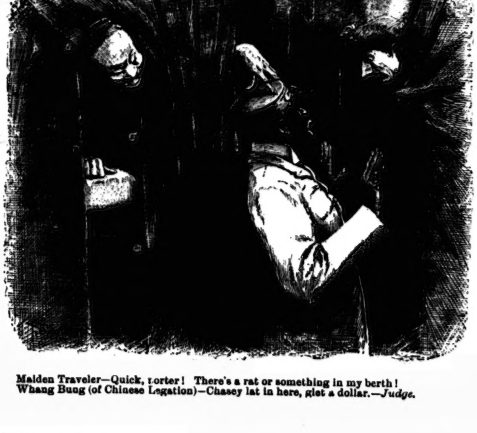
"I have been very happy since I came to stay with you, dear."

(To be continued.)

The Religious Flirt.

A superfine and alluring species of the incorrigible flirt has been flourishing at a fashionable mountain-house this summer, and conquering everything before her. She is no ordinary coquette, this slender, lily-cheeked, aristocratic girl, whose charming oval face, lit with a pair of superb brown eyes, captivates every man in the radius of her sweet serioseness. Her gowns are invariably of dove-color, black or pure white. They admit of no variation, to him, and are impressive by means of their extreme simplicity, until some cross-grained, jealous woman comes by and spitefully identifies them as the costliest of imported costumes. Her slim feet are extra-chic in narrow, heelless shoes. Her meek, fair hands are guiltless of rings. Her rich chestnut hair is brushed and plaited with Quaker-like sleekness straight back from the broad, clear brow. This effect is perfect, from the smooth, shining coronet atop her small head to the patent-leather tips of her pointed ties. Everything bespeaks the hyper-religious temperament, that is accentuated by the sole piece of jewelry adorning her lovely person, a weighty gold cross suspended from her white throat; she is that most subtle and dangerous of her kind, the profoundly earnest flirt. There is no possible way to circumvent her, and nothing to be said while she mildly proceeds to bewitch and enthrall every man who comes her way. The other women sit by in impotent rage, while their saintly rival uses her innocent eyes to advantage, draws long bullion beads through the chasuble she is embroidering, and coos to the man at her side of the inestimable value of his precious and immortal soul. She chants in low, melodious tones of the joys unspeakable of renouncing the world, the flesh and the devil, and thus cultivating one's spiritual nature. With tender glances and sweet, fluttering sighs, she hints of a gentle melancholy, suggests and isolation, and alludes vaguely to a withdrawing into some distant cloister where her sorrowful heart may find balm. She can be gay on occasions, but always with a certain compunction, as though yielding to the will of the individual man, that is in itself a delicious flattery. Since the first day of July she has ensnared twenty-five men in one locality, and as though this was not enough to make her detested by the other women, these same blundering admirers come to them and preach the coquette's morality second-hand. Condemning frivolity with amusing vigor, they always beg their female friends to take the pretty paragon for a model. They even find fault with colored gowns as being loud, and make insinuating remarks about the untidiness of banged hair. When it is remembered that this is Miss Piety's first summer out, and that she is almost the originator of a new school of coquetry, her case presents phases of more than ordinary interest. She is being very harshly criticised by women, and with a seeming show of justice, for, as they urge, if her object is to save souls, why does she devote her energies so exclusively to the salvation of men? It will be diverting to see how many followers mademoiselle will count next season; but imitators should be warned against attempting the difficult *rôle* unless they have skins fine as privet flowers and the ideal personality of this young evangelist.—*Illustrated American.*

Different Tastes.



Malden Traveler—Quick, porter! There's a rat or something in my berth!
Whang Bung (of Chinese Legation)—Chasey lat in here, glad a dollar.—*Judge.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondents Column" Saturday Night Office.]

Amy.—See Hazel.

Judos—See Ouida.

Beatrice.—Decision, energy and mirth.

No. 1.—Impulse, thoughtlessness and conceit.

Eureka.—Vivacity, cheerfulness and keenness.

Annie Rooney.—Order, self-reliance and generosity.

Tutti Frutti.—Energy, order, suspicion and reserve.

No. 2.—Delicacy of feeling, cheerfulness and tenderness.

Ouida.—Shrewdness, languor, self-esteem, good intuition and obstinacy.

A. May.—Indecision, impulse, ambition and sensitiveness are shown in your writing.

Leo.—Your writing shows suspicion, some petulance, self-esteem, order and perseverance.

Hazel.—Carelessness, cordiality of manner, ambition and determination are shown by your writing.

Helen Louise.—You are hopful, methodical, rather self-esteeming, a cordial and sincere friend.

Nadir.—You are quick in movement and speech, self-assertive, cheerful, vivacious, witty and careless.

Princess, London.—Your writing shows indolence, gaiety, sincerity, spasmodic ambition and sensitiveness.

Lady Gwendoline.—Impulsiveness, gentleness, moody temperament and indecision are marked in your writing.

Plato.—You are careless, self-esteeming, venturesome, inconsiderate of others, though generous in some respects.

Gipsy.—Absence of method in thought and action, sincerity, sympathetic nature and high-born ambition.

Rosie.—Petulance, impulse, self-assertion, some vanity, good executive ability and sincerity, are shown in your writing.

Rebecca.—Ambition, vivacity, strong self-will, intuitive perception, carelessness and self-esteem are marked in your writing.

French, Montreal.—You are doubtless impulsive, quick to temper, sensitive, affectionate, orderly and too indecisive.

Lamb.—Impulse, some vanity, mirth, good nature and a tendency to reason out things in general by independent thought.

Veronica.—Writing enclosed exhibits much tenderness, a cordial manner, generosity, self-esteem and a fair degree of self-reliance.

Stella, Paris.—1 Yes, often. 2 Writing shows illhealth or over-consciousness of self. 3 Writing shows vivacity, cheerfulness, vanity and ambition.

Sunshine.—It is delightful to hear you speak so frankly. No, I cannot tell you which. You must wait and then you will find out yourself. 2. I cannot remember the one you ask of.

Othello.—No. 1 shows practical nature, steady ambition, self-will, energy and decision. No. 2 sans a number and No. 3, erratic temperament, eccentricity, generosity and reserve.

Kitten.—Try smoothing the eyebrows with your fingers, and train the crooked part by rubbing vaseline on it. Writing shows energy, much force of character, cheerfulness, prudence and some reserve.

Polly.—Borax is an excellent wash to use on all wool goods. It will remove stains and spots of many kinds. Sponge the goods with a piece of the same colored cloth dipped in strong borax solution.

Miss Jay Pence.—Serve any dainty cake, or occasionally small quarter slice sandwiches of potted tongue or minced chicken. 2. You are probably sensitive, a little undecided, impulsive, self-assertion and very sympathetic.

Emerald, Gladis and Shavings, Hamilton.—The writing displays good executive ability, a great deal of self-will, some tenderness and perseverance. 2 I will endeavor to discover the correct name of the flower and let you know soon.

Perplexed.—Slowness of thought and action are much to be preferred to aimless impulse. You forget the old tale of the hare and the tortoise. What you ask me is hard to answer, but in the writing I see marked order and adherence to right, with perseverance.

Nana.—You enclose two portraits and do not number them. The one of the fair-haired girl shows flippancy, a hasty temper, affectation, self-esteem and vanity. The other is judiciously firm, unostentatious, reserved and energetic. Have returned them as you asked.

George.—You ask if I believe in dancing. If I should attempt to give you my views on the subject I fear that some of my next issue correspondents would be impatient with me, so I will have time to spare for dancing and care for it and, as you say, see no harm in it, why dance.

Queen Bess, Hamilton.—For tan use almond meal in warm water. If you are very tanned stay in doors alone. 2. I do not understand the question regarding the "going out." Do you mean alone? 2 You are probably orderly, exceedingly fastidious but quietly persevering, possessing decision in a fair degree.

Dallas.—The eyes are frank and merry, the nose rather sensitive, the mouth sensitive and determinate, the chin a little weak. The brow shows good reflective powers and love of music and the eyebrows a tendency to jealousy. Write returned by post-card. 2 Yes, I will read the cabinet group if you choose to send it.

Caroline B., Kingston.—Try hot water for the stain: I think that will take it out. 2. For washing lace you need a large amount of patience. Sew it on flannel with every point securely fastened. Stretch the flannel around a glass jar and let it stand in cold water, changing water, rinsing in clear water. Then fill the bottle with hot water and set it in the sun. The lace will dry evenly without much shrinkage.

Helen Bal.—How disturbed you must have felt at being so numerously displeased with the new dress. Do not let such a trifle upset you so. Regarding the enclosed matter I am obliged to say it could not be used. The subjects are fairly good, but the style is bad. You would require a great deal of practice to write well, and, if you will pardon my saying it, your spelling is not irreproachable.

Daisy B.—What an unreserved opinion you indirectly gave of men in general. Some of them are very patient. Have you met any of them? Your writing shows a keen sense of humor, order, practical nature, sensitiveness and a little too much indecision. No. 1 Reserve, quiet dignity, tenderness and great powers of endurance. No. 2. Geniality, some flippancy, self-will, fondness of social life and, withal, power of concentration.

Enquirer.—Yes, it is injurious; you should bathe the rose with warm water in which some borax has been dissolved. Then press out the acne with an old-fashioned watch key and bathe some vaseline or cold cream on the nose. 2 Don't worry about lovers. It is the well-watched kettle that never boils over. Study whatever you have a mind for. Do not dabble in fashionable fads. Your writing shows spasmodic ambition, a highly excitable temperament, cheerfulness and self-esteem.

Paul Farer.—Perhaps it may be as you say but I doubt it. I think any girl who knows the hollowness of the world and the difficulties that honest women are obliged to look out for themselves, will make a good wife and homemaker if she loves truly. The innocent miss who paints life with the rosiest hues of her brain will be far in a contested in a home. The girl you mention may be less likely to marry, and harder to suit, but I believe her ambition will be the noblest one of the two knowledge. Perhaps you are in the fault. 2. The extract is from the poem in School Days by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not stop here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
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BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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CHAPTER IV.

"THE PLOT THICKENS."

What a long morning it was!

Henrietta kept her promise, and went away to Mrs. Callander, having waited for a report of the colonel from Collins. He seemed as usual, but said he had a cold, and would not leave the house. He had made Collins put out his writing materials, and said he had much to do.

"I think I shall go and see him," were Henrietta's last words. "I will talk to my aunt about it."

Dorothy went through the form of luncheon, but could hardly swallow; and then retreated into the study—the room she considered the most safe from intrusion. It was nearly three o'clock, surely he might have come by this time! She had just turned from putting some fresh coal on the fire when the door was hastily opened and Standish came in unannounced.

She flew to him with outstretched hands.

"Oh! thank God you are come."

"Dear Dorothy! what is the trouble?" He drew her to him, and pressed her hands against his heart.

"I have a long, long story to tell! I almost dread to hear your judgment, Paul; I acted on impulse, but—"

"For God's sake, what is it? Have you promised to marry some one, and want my consent?"

"Marry! I marry! No!"

"Then let us sit down and talk."

"Don't you want something to eat, Paul?"

"No! I ate something at a detestable junction, where I was compelled to waste half-an-hour! Now, my own little Dorothy, you are my own ward, you know. Tell me everything—keep back nothing!"

He wheeled round an arm-chair for her and took his stand on the hearth rug.

"First of all, I have found out the reason of Herbert's dislike to you, and removed it."

A l her nervous terrors seemed to evaporate in his reassuring presence. The light of his kind, grave eyes seemed to calm her.

"Ha! this is something! Go on!"

Then Dorothy began at the beginning, and described the conversation she had overheard between her sister and Egerton, her remonstrance with Mabel, the letter the latter had written, and left with Dorothy to deliver, how she had never found an opportunity to do so, how Mabel's cruel death seemed to have closed the account; that some instinct had kept her from destroying the letter, some vague idea of punishing Egerton had held her hand.

Then she described Callander's outburst the evening before, his extraordinary belief in Paul's treachery.

"I could not bear that," continued Dorothy. "If he had killed me I should have told him the truth; so I flew to get the letter I had kept, and gave it to him. He read it through—oh—Paul! how his poor hands trembled—and then he kissed it. The idea that she loved him through all seemed to please him. How he has suffered! Surely death is scarce a grief, compared to the agony of losing the love of anyone you love!" In the restlessness of strong emotion, Dorothy rose to her feet, she was trembling, and could hardly steady her voice.

Standish put his arm round her, and pressed her to him.

"This has been a cruel experience for you, Dorothy, too sore a trial for your young strength! But I scarcely know what to say to your desperate expedient of showing Callander that letter. In his frame of mind it is almost death to Egerton. Think of all that entails."

"I do think. I have thought, Paul," she said, raising her eyes to his with a resolute look. "I do not regret what I have done, we have saved you. He would have killed you, then I should have lost both you and Herbert. I could never see him again if he had hurt you. What is Egerton's life to me? He deserves to die. But you, my best——" A blinding gush of tears choked her utterance, and she hid her face against his shoulder.

Standish pressed her closely to him, and murmured some half articulate words of comfort. She felt his heart beating strongly against her own, and was conscious that she could stay in those dear arms for ever, half because of the weary child's desire to be comforted; half from the passionate woman's love for the man who had been everything to her from childhood.

"Do you blame me, Paul?" she murmured, at length regaining her voice.

"Blame you"—he paused, looking down on the small brown head leaning against him, and stroking back the wavy hair from her brow—"how could I blame you, dear! After all, it was only just to our poor Mabel to let her husband see the truth of her heart."

Dorothy made a slight effort to release herself, but Paul's close, gentle hold did not relax.

"What an infernal villain Egerton has been!" he continued. "I should like to shoot him myself! And we must not attack him! I must do my best to keep Callander quiet; the scandal of such a fracas would be too hideous to incur; even you can see the cruel construction the world would put on it."

"I do, Paul," she returned, extricating herself from him, and leaning against the back of her chair. "For Mabel's sake we must let her murderer go free."

"Her murderer!" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

"Do you not see that he was her murderer, either with his own hand or that of his emissary, the Spaniard?"

"My God, Dorothy! How do you come to suspect him of being such a monster?" exclaimed Standish, rising at her amazed.

"Did I not tell you I heard him threaten to crush out her life if she preferred her husband to him, only a few days before her murder! and she never saw him alone after."

"But you forget, he had not seen the letter avowing her intention of breaking with him."

"She had written before to the same effect, and he had taken no notice."

"Still, I never for a moment can believe that he, an English gentleman, would do so foul a deed!"

"I believe it. Look at his conduct, his extraordinary grief, his avoidance of us all."

"Conscience, remorse for the guilt he had incurred, might account."

"No, Paul. He is guilty. I had a stormy interview with him just before he went to Spain, when I accosted him, wildly and incoherently enough; and when he denied it, he did so in a half hearted way. Remember his blood is not English. That unpleasant detective suspects him too. I understand his hints about the peculiar difficulties of the case. Oh, it is too like a hideous nightmare. It has almost driven me wild to be obliged to see the base, cruel destroyer of my sweet sister."

"There is something queer about that fellow Dillon's mode of dealing with the case. Still, I cannot for a moment accept your theory. I wish you had not adopted it; it must have added considerably to the horrors you have so bravely endured in silence. Dorothy, you are a true-hearted real woman to have locked all this in your heart. I would trust my life with you. I shall never call you child or little Dorothy again. You have attained a mental stature that forbids either, only my dear Dorothy you will always be." He took and kissed her hand, holding it a while. "Right or wrong, guilty or not," he resumed, "I must keep Callander from encountering Egerton. Shall I go to see him? It will be an infinite relief to feel that he is all right with me again, shall I go!"

"I almost think you had better not; he sent word by Collins this morning that he has a great deal of writing to get through, and as he told me he was going to write to you, you had better wait for his letter. I feel it very hard, Paul, to see Mrs. Callander; she has embittered all our lives.

"She is a mischief-making, implacable she-devil!" cried Standish, with energy. "By Heaven, I don't think I shall ever speak to her again! Were it not for you, Dorothy, I should tax her with her infamous slander of myself."

"Do not mind me. I do not care to hold with her, except for Henrietta's sake. And, oh, Paul! Henrietta wants to know so much what I had to talk to you about. I would rather not tell her all"—hesitatingly.

"No; certainly not," promptly. "I will tell her that it was poor Callander's confession of his mother's insinuations against me that you wished to explain. Leave it to me—and, Dorothy, I shall write to Egerton, and let him know that we fully understand the dastardly part he has played, and shall warn him that he has to reckon with Callander."

"Oh, leave him alone, Paul. He might murder you. Such a man is capable of anything."

"He is a villain, undoubtedly, but, my dear Dorothy, I absolve him from the crime of murder. That seems quite impossible! He is bad enough, but, good God! to kill a defenceless woman in her sleep! Besides it would have punished himself——"

"Paul, I feel certain Mr. Dillon suspects him."

"There is something curious in Dillon's mode of proceeding, I grant; still, this conviction of yours is really only the result of excited nerves. I am surprised. You have too heavy a burden to bear, dear Dorothy. I wish I were sure of a reconciliation with Callander, I could then be of some use in reassuring your mind in one direction at least. I wish I could take you away somewhere. A complete change of scene might restore the tone of your mind."

"I feel better already since I opened my heart to you, and if I know Herbert is with you and confides in you, I shall be much more at rest. But, oh! keep him and yourself from Egerton. He is capable of anything."

"Did you really tax him with this atrocious crime?" asked Paul, with some curiosity.

"I did, and he seemed startled and confused."

"He might be that, though innocent. Tell me, Dorothy; was it some instinct that he was playing a part which induced you to refuse him?"

"I think so, Paul."

"I confess that your rejection of so very attractive a person made me suspect that some luckier fellow had forestalled him."

"Why did you think so?" asked Dorothy, a sudden vivid blush dyeing her pale cheeks.

"Oh, I don't know. It was a surmise," returned Standish, slowly, while his eyes dwelt searchingly on her.

She bent her head a deep sigh, and the color faded from her cheeks.

"I think I heard Henrietta come in. Will you see her alone, Paul? I do not think I could bear to talk any more to anyone."

"Go and lie down and rest then. I will see Henrietta and explain matters, as I said I would. Try and compose yourself. Remember I am always at your service. I wish I could do more for you, my sweet ward."

"Thank you. Good-bye for the present."

"I shall see you this evening, probably. I am not sure that I shall not go and see Callander. It might be some comfort to him, poor fellow."

Standish explained matters so much to Henrietta's satisfaction that she came to talk with Dorothy before dinner.

"You poor dear. Is your head any better? Well, you see Paul Standish was not long in telling me all about it. What an odd thing it is in with Aunt Callander. Indeed, I am not surprised at it. I somehow got used to her dislike and insinuations. She couldn't hear Paul, and was not too fond of poor dear Mabel; but I never thought the nonsense she talked would make such an impression on Herbert. It will be delightful if he makes friends with Mr. Standish again, and a great help. Oh, who do you think I saw to-day in Bond street? Major St. John! He stopped the carriage, and we had a talk. He is coming to see me to-morrow. He was looking so well—quite handsome, and seemed rather brighter than usual. He seems really be quite creditable at the foot of one's table. To be sure, he is not half so agreeable as Paul Standish, but then, again, Paul is rather contradictory and overbearing."

"Have you had a lover's quarrel" thought Dorothy. "He has always been very good to me," she said aloud.

"Oh, yes, I daresay; but then, of course, he looks on you as a daughter. Now I find him rather changeable. I am very steady, myself, and I hate changeable, whimsical people. Have you any idea what he meant by saying he would come to-morrow? He might like to wait for a preliminary explanation before meeting me."

For the rest of his stay Standish talked cheerfully to Henrietta, and only at parting asked, with an air of deep interest, if Dorothy's head was free from pain now.

"I am afraid I shall not be able to see you to-morrow," he said. "It will be a busy day. I dine with Lord R——, too, and go with him to the House of Commons."

"Pray, when are we to hail you as ambassador extraordinary?" asked Henrietta. "That always seems to me such a delicious sort of title."

"Not for many a day—if I ever reach so high a position," said Standish, smiling, and he wished them good-night.

The following day was altogether restful to Dorothy. She felt safe after having confided all the perilous stuff that had lain heavy at her heart to Standish. His warm sympathy was infinitely consoling. With his help she did not despair of seeing her brother-in-law restored to resignation and tranquillity. Meantime, would try to compose her nerves, and try to fulfil those duties from which her dearly-loved sister had been snatched.

Somehow or other she did not care to be with Henrietta, good and kind as she was. Dorothy felt that she jarred upon her in a way she used not to do.

She therefore went out to walk with the children, and read a tough book in her own room, leaving Henrietta to entertain Major St. John by herself.

Collins on his return from his morning visit to his master reported him to be just as usual, but said the colonel did not intend calling on the ladies until late.

"He will try and see Paul Standish first," they said to each other when Collins left the room.

Now Standish had been a good deal exercised that morning by the receipt of a letter from Egerton.

The sight of the man's handwriting roused a degree of fury and indignation which quite upset his self control for a few minutes.

Apart from the knowledge so lately imparted by Dorothy, Paul would have thought the letter a good one and full of kind sympathy—as a man, he read, between the lines, craft and hypocrisy. Perhaps, indeed Egerton might feel the sorrow he affected, for it was scarce possible that any conscience could be so seared as to be unmoved by the recollection of the devilish part he had played.

The letter was dated from Madrid, and stated that the writer had given up all hopes of tracing the man Pedro. Indeed there was a report in Valencia that a sailor answering to his description had been washed overboard a vessel plying to Tunis—in a storm off Cape Bon—"If this be the case one is naturally indignant that such a criminal should have slipped through the fingers of justice. But now that it has got abroad that he is wanted, there is no doubt he will keep out of the way. I really think that Dillon mismanaged matters—so far as his search out there went—and I have grave doubts that he ever came here at all. I can find no trace of him, indeed, his conduct all the way through has been suspicious. He is acting for some line of which we know nothing. I shall stay here about a week, and then go straight back to London, where I hope to find all brighter than when I left them."

Standish threw the letter from him in disgust, then he picked it up, and read it away carefully. There was no time to answer it, and it might perhaps be wiser not to express himself in writing on such compromising topics as would form the subject matter of a letter.

He was so infinitely revolted that he even thought, "Could Dorothy's womanly instinct be right, when she laid the crowning charge of murder against the refined, accomplished gentleman, who made so little of his duties, of friendship—of the obligations of a man of honor—what was there to hold him back from any felony which his evil, uncontrolled passions prompted?"

While Standish, putting his private affairs out of his mind for the present, threw himself heartily into his work or discussed with his chief the political question on which the latter was to speak that evening, Henrietta Oakeley had spent on the whole a satisfactory day. She had bought several bargains quite "dirt cheap," and she had roused up the Major to some unusually strong expressions of admiration.

She was sitting with Dorothy in the drawing-room before dinner, and had just been expatiating on the dreariness of the first long days, and the evening light which is so cold at first, when Collins presented himself and announced that Mrs. Callander's butler wished to speak to Miss Oakeley.

"Tell him to come up to me here," she exclaimed. "What is the matter now? What is it, Ransom?"

As the stately functionary came in and closed the door:

"If you please, 'm——" he said with a loud "hem!" "Miss Boothby sent me round to ask if you would be so good as to come to Mrs. Callander, she is taken in rather a strange way! The colonel, he paid her a visit this afternoon and stayed a good while, 'm. He went away between four and five I think. I didn't let him out, for Mrs. Callander didn't ring the bell, but a while after, Miss Boothby went into the drawing-room and found the woman sitting stiff like in her chair, and the first thing she said was: 'Get me some brandy and water,' which is what she never takes, and then she ordered Miss Boothby to write for Greenwood the lawyer, then she had the note torn up; next she ordered that everything should be got ready to start for Paris; after that she went into a fit of hysterics and kept calling out 'my 'on, my son,' and she forbids us to send for the doctor, and so Miss Boothby said he would be much obliged if you would come to her, miss.'

"Very well, Ransom. Call a cab and I will go with you. Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "she has had a tremendous row with Herbert. He has been reproaching her, and, though she richly deserves it, I can't help being sorry for her! I think we shall be all the better if we have a peaceful hour again. I am getting s'ck of it all."

When Henrietta reached Somerset Square an evident degree of disorganization had replaced the clock-work regularity of that patient particular household. The cook opened the door and the page might be perceived carrying a hot bottle upstairs.

"I'm sure, ma'm, Miss Boothby will be that thankful to see you."

"Where is she?"

"Upstairs, packing, 'm. Mrs. Callander has had the big trunks dusted and taken down, she says her feet are so cold her head is burning."

Henrietta began to ascend the stair; half way up she met Miss Boothby with a distressed, bewildered expression.

"Oh! dear me, I am glad to see you, Miss Oakeley. I don't know what has come to Mrs. Callander, but she insists I know I am for you."

"Very well. Let her think I came by accident."

She found Mrs. Callander walking to and fro in her bedroom, with a scent bottle in her trembling hand, her usually cold gray face much flushed and a strange frightened look in her eyes.

"Why, my dear aunt! what has happened? Where are you going?"

"Oh! Henrietta," in a high nervous key. "I am tired of the constant cold and headaches from which I have suffered! Really the climate of London is horrible, so I am just going off to Paris. There is no reason why I should not go where I like. I had rather a curious dizzy turn to-day, but I will not have the doctor, mind! I will not see him if you do send for him!"

"Well, I am sure you ought, aunt. You seem to me very unwell."

"You know nothing about it! Go, Evans—go Miss Boothby—I wish to speak with my niece."

She sank into a chair as she spoke, and trembled all over.

"Now then, aunt, what is it?" asked Henrietta peremptorily, when she had closed the door.

"I had a long and painful interview with my son," began Mrs. Callander, speaking in distressful gasps. "He behaved in an extraordinary manner, accused me of slandering his unfortunate wife, and said he would never see my face again!—And I have only lived for him."

"Men are generally ungrateful," said Miss Oakeley, easily. "But I thought better of Herbert. Still, he has been very sorely tried; you must have patience, and keep friends with him."

"It does not depend on me," returned Mrs. Callander, and she shuddered visibly. "Have you seen my son since he was here this morning?"

"No; but he is coming to us, I believe, this evening."

"This evening! Oh, my heart! It beats so fast, and then stands still! Do stay, Henrietta—you can do me no good! I only want to get away!"

"But, aunt, you are not fit to travel. Do see Dr. Birch, he will give you some soothing medicine. You are quite in a fever. Do send for him."

"Don't tell me what I am to do. I do not want you, Henrietta. I shall go to Meurice's, and don't tell anyone I am going away—I don't want people to talk about me."

"Well, aunt, I am quite uneasy about you."

"You need not trouble. I am most unfortunate! I—"

She burst into a violent fit of weeping, in the midst of which her maid announced that the Reverend Mr. Gilmore was down stairs, and wished to see her. Mrs. Callander paused in her weeping.

"I can't see him. I don't wish to see him," she exclaimed, angrily. "I will not be intruded on, or pried into. He may go away! I am particularly engaged."

Henrietta was infinitely amazed. She could hardly believe her ears when she heard her aunt refuse to admit one of her favorite preachers. Was the sky going to fall?

Then the greatly distressed woman rose from her chair, and exclaimed: "I want to be alone—I want no one's help!" tottered into the bedroom adjoining her dressing-room, and emphatically closed the door.

"What can be the matter with her, Miss Boothby!" asked Henrietta, greatly perplexed.

"I know not, Miss Oakeley, I can form no idea, except that she had some words with Colonel Callander. Really there seems no filial affection or respect left in the world!"

"I never saw her in such an extraordinary state before. There is no use in my staying here. You will let me know if she asks for me? I don't suppose for a moment that she will carry out her whim of going to Paris."

"It is impossible to say—but I'll let you know, Miss Oakeley. Nothing could well be more inconvenient than to start off to the Continent just now. I thought we were safe to remain here to the end of the season."

"I don't think she will go. Pray don't leave her alone. I feel most uneasy about her."

Henrietta was not sorry to get out of the house.

"My dear Dorothy," she exclaimed, as soon as she found herself safe in her own drawing-room, "Herbert has been driving his mother fairly out of her wits. I never thought anything in the world would put her into such a state."

"I wonder if he will say anything to us this evening, if he comes?" returned Dorothy.

But the hours sped on; bed-time came, and no Callander appeared.

(To be continued.)

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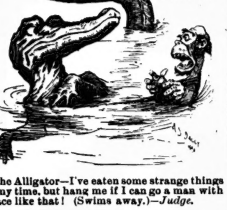
Old Ben (the alligator)—There's a fellier that's struck a snag, and I think I'm in a good dinner.

Burns—Be gorry! av that's a log, it's movin' fasht.



The Alligator—I've eaten some strange things in my time, but hang me if I can go a man with a face like that! (Swims away.)—*Judge.*

The Writer is Dead.

Contributor—I have brought you a poem of four stanzas, sir.

Editor (examining it)—I count five.

Contributor (mystified)—Sir!

Editor—Yes; in addition to the four, you see, I notice a stanza chance of going into the waste basket.—*Judge.*

Ten Cents.

Borrowit—I say, Tom, can't you lend me a ten until Saturday night?

Wiggins (evasively)—Sorry, Jack, but I've only got a dollar about me, and I don't like to break it.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Great Strain on Friendship.

Smith (to his friend Jones, to whom he loaned a tenner a year ago. Jones, seeing him coming, was hurrying way down a side street) —Hello, Jones, what's the rush?

Jones (confused)—In a great hurry to meet a man.

Smith—Don't run away from me Jones. If I had known my loan of ten dollars was going to break our life-long friendship, bang me! I would have let you had a cent!—*Texas Siftings.*

He Couldn't do it All.

"I've got a complaint to make," said an office-boy to his employer. "What is it?" "The book-keeper kicked me, sir. I don't want no book-keeper to kick me." "Of course he kicked you. You don't expect me to attend to everything, do you? I can't look after all the little details of the business myself."—*Ex.*

A Fixed Habit.

Mr. Glum—I really believe your nose turns up. I never noticed it before.

Mrs. Glum—I presume it has got to turning up since I married you.—*New York Weekly.*

Did He Practise Some.

Solomon gave the world much excellent advice. It is to be wondered if he ever found time to take any.—*Liverpool Courier.*

Labor Note.

Walking Delegate (fondly)—My darling, you know I love you—shall we make it a tie up?

Walking Delegate's Lady Love (firmly).—Yes, Martin—but if you don't come in early nights after we are married there will be a lockout.—*Westborough Tribune.*

Johnny's Hands.

Mother—Johnny, you sail you'd been to Sunday-school.

Johnny—(with a far-away look)—Yes'm.

Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?

Johnny—I—I carried home th' Sunday-school paper, an'—an' th' outside page is all about Jonah an' th' whale.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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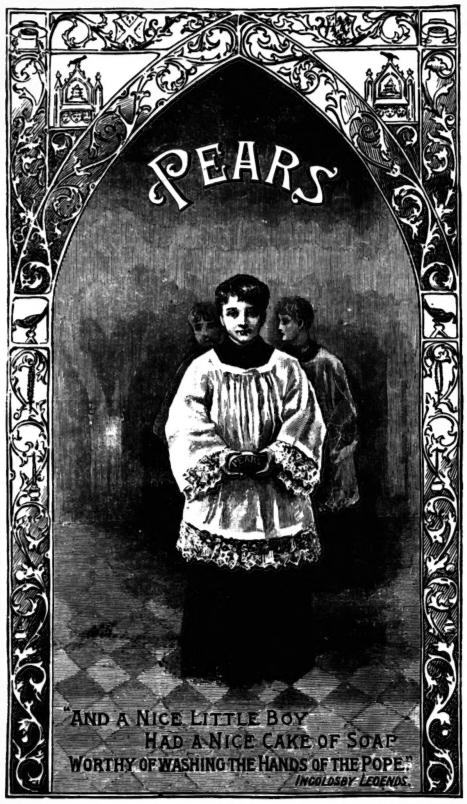

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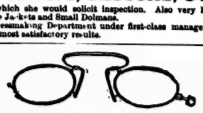

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The Mustache Cup.

The mustache cup! What do you really think of it any way? I have always had a clean little motto that I made up myself and that is: "The woman who gives her husband a mustache cup is a fool." Of course I never told that to any man, because I don't believe in talking to men unkindly of their wives, no matter how ugly these latter may be. But honestly I cannot see the use of muzzling a man and expecting him to relish his coffee. Many gentlemen, since I have commenced the investigation of this subject, have told me that they abhorred the mustache cup, and had to be cheerful martyrs to it, because it was a well meant attention from a friend or member of the family, who kept an eye to the present, as many people do when they give you something. I shudder every time I see one of those things in a china store, for fear that some poor bewildered love-sick girl, in search of something rare and wonderful with which to present her sweetheart will, in a rash moment, be inspired to get him one of those drink-over-a-fence things and thereby make him her arch-enemy for life, or if not her enemy, this awful act will at least be the means of putting a snaffle on his love. Then think of the daily martyrdom of a poor husband and father who was the recipent of an m. c. for Christmas for instance, and who is watched as is the moth fly that flew behind the curtain. Each morning the mustache cup with all its mirrors stares him in the face, and whether he will or not, he must place his lips to its cove-like edge and imbibe what little coffee will slide through at a time. One gentleman told me it was like sipping whisky with a straw, another that coffee tastes bitter through it, another that he sneaked around on the leeward side and took a real drink when his wife was not looking.

Now I think it about time that all this temptation to crime were at an end, and that mustache cups be relegated to the prison cell where punishment is the portion of the poor prisoner, and where a few woes more or less will not disturb him.—*Louise Markschoffel, in Toledo Journal.*

Her Envious Thoughts.

They were sitting side by side on the sofa, when the young author said: "Yes, I have a new volume in press." "How I envy that volume," said the roguish girl, blushing, and when he saw the point, they were both very, very happy.—*St. Jo. News.*

Next Week's Theatricals.

At the Academy of Music next week a company, with Margaret Mather at its head, will play in a repertoire embracing Romeo and Juliet, Leah the Forsaken, and other classical plays. Miss Mather is one of America's most famous tragediennes, and needs no laudatory commendation to enhance a reputation so well known as hers. It is reported that Sara Bernhardt will, on coming to America, play Romeo to Miss Mather's Juliet. The programme will be found in the advertisement on another page.

At the Grand Opera House commencing next Thursday, September 25, the Coarell Opera Company will fill out the week presenting Johann Strauss' famous comic opera, The Gypsy Baron, and The King's Fool. The leading singers are Beltina Padelford, Frances Rousseau, Annie Russell, Lulu Nichols, Rita Selby, John J. Raffael, Ferris Hartman and Charles F. Lang. Both these operas have had extensive runs in other cities and are said to be presented in the very best style.

Literary Notes.

A Happy Holiday is the title borne by an elegantly printed and bound volume from the pen of Grace E. Denison. It will make its public appearance next week, when SATURDAY NIGHT will be able to review it exhaustively.

A volume of verse by Seranus (Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison) is announced to make its appearance soon. It will contain some of the work which has made Mrs. Harrison's reputation as a writer of picturesque prose and verse, and should meet with an enthusiastic reception.

With the opening of the ensuing college year will begin the republication of the *Varsity*, which for various reasons had been allowed to lapse during last year. The paper will be started on an entirely new basis, and will be conducted with a view to making it a financial as well as a literary success. Mr. W. S. McLay is editor-in-chief; Mr. W. H. Bunting, treasurer, and Mr. G. H. Ferguson, business manager.

The eyes can be fitted accurately with spectacles at Brown's, No. 110 Yonge street. No charge for testing the eyes.

A First View.

Cap'n Loveridge (pulling up his horse)—What's he doin' there, Martin?

Kimball's Hired Man—Makin' a paintin'; that's hand-paintin' you're doin' there, ain't it, mister?

Bromfield, A.N.A. (who is finishing a study for his next exhibition picture, Waning Summer)—Yep.

Kimball's Hired Man—He says it's hand-paintin' he's doin'.

Liddy Ann Kimball—Guess he's makin' it for one o' them picture papers, ain't you, mister?

Bromfield, A.N.A.—Nop.

Abs'lom Kimball—You might know it ain't for no picture paper; they don't have pictures of nothin' but fires an' accidents, an' houses fallin' down.

Liddy Ann Kimball—May be it's for one o' them funny papers, then—looks kind o' funny, don't it?

Cap'n Loveridge—Tell him if he wants to put me in, with my ole hoss 'n' buggy, I'll let him dew it cheap—ho, ho, ho!

Kimball's Hired Man—Mebbe he's goin' to put us all in—haw, haw, haw!

Liddy Ann Kimball—He's doin' off that piece o' stone wall now—do you have to git in every one o' the stones, mister?

Bromfield, A. N. A.—Nop.

Abs'lom Kimball—He's got more 'n forty different kinds o' colors in that there box. I wisht——

Kimball's Hired Man—Keep yer hands out o' them paints, Abs'lom—prob'ly he don't want ye to git 'em.

Abs'lom Kimball—Can't ye give me some o' that yaller you're squeezin' out, mister? I want to paint my stilts with it.

Bromfield, A. N. A.—Can't spare any.

Kimball's Hired Man—Lijer Wright went up to the city a few years ago to learn the keerridge paintin' trade—makes purty good wages at it, I be'n told. He comes down here once in a while to see his folks, all dressed up. Ever be'n introduced to him, mister?

Bromfield, A. N. A.—I never happened to meet him.

Liddy Ann Kimball—If you want to put in our cows, mister, I'll get up yender 'n' drive 'em down. One of 'em's a hookin' cow; but we won't let her git near you.

Bromfield, A. N. A.—Much obliged; but I'm afraid I shan't have time to put them in.

Abs'lom Kimball—If I had that there umbrell' I'd walk right past the meetin' house next Sunday, holdin' it up over my head jest when the folks was comin' out o' church. Gosh! wouldn't it be fun?

Kimball's Hired Man—I wouldn't like nothin' better than settin' down all day, daubin' off pictures like that. It's what ye might call a soft job, ain't it, Cap'n?

Cap'n Loveridge—I call it a purty lazy, shif'less kind o' job for a strappin', healthy man. If my boy Bill ever showed any signs of takin' to sech a trade as that I'd yank him out to the barn an' lather him till he'd walk pigeon-toed for a week. They don't hardly make enough money at it to keep 'em alive. There wuz a man along here last spring sellin' some kind o' colored picters or other. He wanted two shillin' fer the small size an' forty cents fer the large ones, frames an' all. Ask that feller how much he expects to git fer that one he's makin'.

Bromfield, A. N. A. (with an inward prayer for forgiveness)—Tell him it's sold in advance for six thousand dollars—and, by the way, ask him if he can change this fifty dollar bill, will you!

Kimball's Hired Man—He says he's sold it already for six thousand dollars, an' he's got the money in his clothes—an' he wants you to change a fifty dollar bill for him, if ye kin! (To Bromfield). That'll settle him, Mister; he's stingier than all git out.

A pause of five or six minutes, during which nothing is heard but the rattle of a distant mowing-machine.

Cap'n Loveridge (clearing his throat)—Sorry I can't change the bill for ye, Mister; didn't bring much change with me. But I wish ye'd come down an' eat dinner to my house, this noon. I'd like to talk with ye 'bout makin' some arrangement to have my boy Bill l'arn that there trade o'yourn. I'd be willin' to pay ye what's right if ye'll take him fer a 'prentice.

Bromfield (completing his triumph).—I regret that I can't accept your invitation, as I must be back in town before banking hours are over, in order to see about selling some bonds. As regards your son, I have two apprentices already at three thousand dollars each, and I shall not be able to take any more for the next three years. Good morning.—*F. Opper in Puck.*

In London.

Chappie—You're not weahwing any jooly, dontcherknow, Miss De Nood. Hope those beastly Americans didn't steal yer diamonds. Fellahs say all the ladies on the stage ovah there have 'em stolen.

Miss De Nood (just returning from New York engagement)—Oh! no. They were too heavy to bring in me luggage. Company charged extra, dontcherknow, so I sent 'em on a freight steamer.

A MAN SHOULD NOT LOOK AT

this unless he wants to buy something nice for his wife or daughters. It is specially interesting to Ladies who may not know what a "Health Brand" Undervest is, and even then the best thing they can do is to go and ask to see the article at Murray's or some other well known dry goods establishment.

It is simply Luxury and Comfort combined, beyond which over one hundred of the leading doctors of the Dominion strongly recommend them.

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"STUDIO,"

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ACTION.

$300.

EASY TERMS.

WAREROOMS. | 32 KING STREET WEST, 653 QUEEN STREET WEST, | TORONTO.

Nothing but Rheumatics.

We hadn't been out of the bay ten minutes, and had just got fairly to bowing and bobbing on the ground swell, when I was seized with a suspicion. The captain of the fish-boat had assured me by all that he held sacred that I wouldn't be sea sick—couldn't possibly be if I tried my hardest. It now occurred to me that he had made a sad mistake. My stomach began to roll, my head to swim, and as I hastened to stretch out at full length on my back he queried:

"Chill coming on?"

"Chill! I'm seasick—sick from head to heel!"

"Can't be—can't possibly be," he calmly replied. "I noticed you had a bilious look when you came down this morning. Ought to look out for your liver."

"But I tell you I'm in an awful way! I can't wait another minute! Here I go * * * !"

"Haven't the first symptoms of seasickness," he said, as he bit off an inch of plug tobacco. "Why, you ought to have seen the man I had——"

"Say! How much will you take to go ashore?"

"Now, hear him! This shows what imagination can do."

"Would a thousand dollars be any object to you?"

"Now, then, get out those fish lines, and open a few clams for bait. We'll be among 'em in less than five minutes."

"Great Jupiter, man! but my head whirls like a top!"

"Can't possibly whirl—couldn't do it for money. There isn't sea enough on here to spill a glass of water."

"And my stomach! Lands——!"

"Get out those clams!"

"Clams! Clams! I wouldn't look at a clam for ten thousand dollars! Take me home! Take me into a swamp—up a tree—under water—anywhere, to get out of this! Shall I make it fifteen hundred—two thousand?"

"What's the matter now?"

"Matter? I'm dying!"

"Can't be—can't possibly be. Not the slightest symptom of even being sick. A little bilious, and the glare of the sun does the rest. I'd try a pint of salt water."

"Heavens! but do you want to see my boots go overboard. Say, I'll give you——!"

"Oh, well, if your head aches you might lie down for a while, but don't get any foolish ideas into your brain. Ocean a perfect millpond—not the slightest heave—boat seems to be spiked to a rock. Try a sandwich? No? Have a chaw? No? Like a raw clam to sort o' settle things? No? Well, lay down and keep quiet. I take out babies occasionally, but this time I forgot my nursing bottle. Did you bring a rattle box?"

"Say, captain."

"Yes."

"I—I feel better."

"Certainly."

"And I'll—I'll get up."

"Of course. Now, then, over with that line; keep your eyes on the water half a mile away, pucker your lips into a whistle and that rheumatiz will go off. That's what it is. Can't possibly be anything else. I'll give you some shark liz to rub your j'ints when we get ashore. There you are—you've got a whopper—pull—whoopee!"—*New York Sun.*

Why He Was Expelled.

Mr. Freshman—Excuse, me, Professor, but are you good at figures?

Professor Matthew Matics—Ahem! Why do you ask, Mr. Freshman?

Mr. Freshman (moving away)—Only to find out whether you preferred Mrs. Langtry's or Madame Modjeska's.

Academy of Music

C. J. WHITNEY, LESSEE.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT FOR SIX NIGHTS

COMMENCING

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

OF

America's Representative Tragedienne

Margaret Mather

SUPPORTED BY

MR. OTIS SKINNER

Under direction of ARTHUR B. CHASE, in repertory: Monday, Wednesday matinee and Friday, "Romeo and Juliet." Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, "The Honeymoon." Wednesday night, "Leah the Forsaken." Saturday matinee, "Lady of Lyons."

Prices, $1, 75c., 50c. and 25c. Wednesday matinee prices 75c., 50c. and 25c. Saturday matinee prices $1, 75c., 50c. and 25c.

Grand Opera House

THREE NIGHTS ONLY

BEGINNING

Thursday Evening, Sept. 25

With Saturday Matinee

The Famous

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HEINRICH CONRIED - - Director

Presenting Johann Strauss' (the Waltz King) Masterpiece

THE GIPSY BARON

On Thursday Evening & Saturday Matinee

Also Adolph Mueller's Romantic Opera

THE KING'S FOOL

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Most Stylish, Best Made and Best Qualities in Furs

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THIS WEEK

We opened our fall stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing, the largest and finest selected stock in the West End, and sold at prices within the reach of all, and fit to wear in the factory or in the church. Beautifully assorted, well bought, and all guaranteed as represented. Have you ordered your overcoat yet?

T. K. ROGERS, Men's Clothier,

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MISS PAYNTER,

MILLINERY PARLORS

NOW OPEN

With all the Latest Novelties of the Season.

No. 3 Rossin House Block,

KING STREET WEST.

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto.

New arrivals this week. Important large purchase of Agate Ironware; very costly goods to start with, but none more economical when their great length of wear is considered, and especially when sold at the close work we do. A few prices—Coffee Pots, 79c., worth $1.25; 95c., worth $1.50. Tea Pots 75c., usually $1.25. Tea Kettles, No. 8, $1.49, usually $2.25 to $2.50; No. 7, $1.19. This will give you an idea of prices through the whole line. Also an invoice of solid Nickle Spoons, Cutlery, etc., sold at most popular prices. Some Tracing Wheels, which have been much inquired for, 7c., worth 15c. Also just in, an invoice of the celebrated Nonsuch Stove Polish, 10c., never less than 15c. elsewhere, and the Mirror Pipe Varnish, 12c., usually 25c. Certainly your money will go farther with us than you ever knew before and better, yet you get only the best of goods. Again you begin to want to use your coal scuttles. We have contracted for 2[illegible] gross, and you will want them all. Ordinary size, 19c.; large, 24c.; large, with funnel, 33c.; galvanized, large, open, 34c.; with funnel, 39c. These scuttles are best and strongest made, handsomely painted and gold banded. Get your price list and catalogue of our whole stock, sent free on application, and come and see. W. H. Bentley & Co.

CORRECT

Style is necessary for the successful treatment of a room. Working as we do in every branch of house decorating we are in a position to ensure correctness of style.

ELLIOTT & SON

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More People Entered

McKEOWN & CO.'S

Store Yesterday than in any previous day since they have been in business

This proves that the bargains of the past have not been given in vain. Now,

TO-MORROW

We are going to sell

DRESS GOODS

Both for Ladies and Children

At prices the like of which have never been seen in the city.

Plaids, Checks, Stripes, in Serges, Henrietta Cloths and Armures.

Thirty-eight inch plaids in beautiful combination of colors at 25c. Twenty-four inch Mohairs at 15c. Twenty-four inch Plaid Serges at 25c. Forty-four inch French and Roman Plaids, imported by us, at 65c. Roman Plaids and Scotch Tartans, 44 inches wide at $1. You can't match them for less than $1 50.

A few Robes have arrived, and are marvels of beauty and style. Among the latest arrivals of novelties is a beautiful Roman stripe, with blending of dark, rich shades, for autumn and winter wear. Forty inch Cloth Suitings, rich, dark shades, at 25c.

Fifty-inch Scarboro Suitings at 35c., their equal not to be found for less than 50c. We have just passed through the Custom House one case 24 inch Colored Silk Plush, will be offered to-morrow at $1 a yard. Special attention is asked to our elegant display of Silk Seaslettes. Five bargains have been brought to the front in our Mantle and Cloak room. Come in and see us early.

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Dressmaking

MODERATE CHARGES

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Terrific Cut on Prices

Did the work, and produced a crowd of buyers large enough, enthusiastic enough and liberal enough to overwhelm less capable merchants than ourselves, and proved to the people that our great

$2.75

BOYS' SUIT SALE

Was a genuine Bonanza for the citizens of Toronto. Although our sales have been enormous, we have still about

290

OF THE 1,000 LOT LEFT

But they are going fast. If you are wanting a bargain now is the time.

Boys' Suits, regular prices $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, $5.50 and $6,

ALL GO FOR

$2.75

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

Corner Shuter Street

CARD

I take much pleasure in intimating to my patrons and the public generally that I have just received my Fall and Winter importations, comprising Scotch and Irish Tweeds, Black and Fancy Worsteds for Suitings, Venetians, Beavers and Melton Overcoatings, and an exceptionally fine line of Trouserings which are now open, and would ask your early inspection.

The Fashionable West End Tailor,

HENRY A. TAYLOR.

119 King Street West.

FINE TAILORING

I have just received a full assortment of all the latest novelties in Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., purchased from the best markets for the Fall trade. Gentlemen requiring a first-class, perfect-fitting Suit or Overcoat, should not fail to call on

JOHN J. TONKIN

COR. YONGE & RICHMOND, TORONTO.

French Dress Goods

5 CASES JUST OPENED

240 PIECES OF FASHIONABLE MATERIAL for this season's trade passed into stock this week.

COARSE CHEVOIT SERGES in Black, Navy, Browns, Myrtles, Terra Cotta, Gray, Paon, Fawns and all the Newest Shades. These goods are 44 to 47 inches wide. Range in price from 60c. and 75c. to 90c.

CAMEL'S HAIR CLOTH in Black and all the Leading Colors, 47 inches wide. These goods are beautifully soft and drape elegantly.

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

is a special Feature, and we invite correspondence from every Town in the Dominion. Samples are kept ready cut and made up. Correspondents are asked to be as explicit as possible and enclose stamps.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

Out of Town.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. S. Lazier gave an At Home at Kirklawn on Thursday.

Major Sankey, Q. O. R., Toronto, was here for a few days, the guest of Mrs. Archibald Ponton at Bayview.

Mr. St. Clare Yarwood is here visiting his mother.

Mr. Henry Corby gave an outing on the Cossette to a number of G.T.R. employes last week.

Mr. Belfield Grannum, late of the Bank of Commerce, has gone to Edinburgh, Scotland, to pursue the study of medicine.

Mrs. T. C. Wallbridge will shortly leave for her winter residence in Toronto. Belvidere will probably be sold.

A pleasant gathering of ladies took place at Ryrecourt, the residence of George E. Henderson, Q.C., on Friday afternoon, in response to an invitation by Miss Henderson, who proved herself to be an attentive and courteous young hostess. Miss Henderson was assisted in her hospitable duties by Miss Sara Dickson, Miss J. Parker and Miss Maude Burdette. The rain of the forenoon prevented the visitors from enjoying the beautiful shady lawn, but pleasant hours were spent in the spacious parlors. Mrs. Roberts of Hamilton, a former resident of Belleville, was the center of attraction, and was constantly surrounded by old friends. Among the guests were Mrs. Warrington, Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips, Mrs. McWhorter, Miss Bartlett, Mrs. Henry Corby, Miss Blanche Willson, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. J. S. Bell, Mrs. John Bell, Mrs. Andrew Thompson, Mrs. Robert Templeton, Miss Edith Yarwood, Miss O'Hare, Miss Simpson, Mrs. and Miss Newbery, Miss Benjamin, Miss McDonald, Mrs. Parker, the Misses Smart, Mrs. Burdette, Miss Herkimer, Mrs. George, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Perkins, the Misses Chandler, Miss Hope and Miss Williamson.

The King's Daughters of St. Thomas' church are preparing to give an interesting Scottish entertainment in aid of their work.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 256 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street and 146 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BURNS—At Toronto, on September 12, Mrs. William Burns—a daughter.

CLINE—At Toronto, on September 14, Mrs. W. H. Cline—a son.

GARLAND—At Ottawa, on September 8, Mrs. John L. Garland—a daughter.

ADAMS—At Oakville, on September 5, Mrs. J. Adams—a son.

DICKSON—At Brussels, on September 11, Mrs. W. B. Dickson—a daughter.

GREEN—At Toronto, on September 17, Mrs. Charles Green—a son.

KAINS—At Victoria, B. C., on September 8, Mrs. Tom Kains—a daughter.

COLE—At Ottawa, on September 16, Mrs. Francis Cole—a daughter.

BAILIE—At Toronto, on September 13, Mrs. Adam Bailie—a son.

Marriages.

ASHDOWN—HIRONS—At Winnipeg, on September 10, Vincent E. Ashdown of Toronto to Edith Hirons.

STEPHENS—OSBORN—At Toronto, on September 16, Charles J. Stephens to Marie Louise Osborn.

STARK—COFFAN—At Toronto, on September 16, Charles Tapscott Stark to Mabel Cowan.

DENNY—MACNAB—At Ottawa, on September 11, John Denny to Mrs. Helen Margaret Macnab.

ELLARD—BUTLER—At Toronto, on September 10, Hugh E. Ellard to Mamie Butler.

KEARNS—PICKERING—At Kleinburg, on September 8, James Kearns of Dublin, Ireland, to Alice Pickering of Trenton.

SCHOALES—KERR—At Toronto, on September 3, J. T. Schoales to V. E. Kerr.

RYAN—REYNOLDS—At Mount Forest, on September 10, Thomas J. Ryan of Sudbury, Ont., to Dr. Helen E. Reynolds.

McGLASHAN—PARSONS—At Toronto, on September 15, James McGlashan to Georgina Parsons.

PIERCE—HOARE—At Strathroy, on September 17, W. K. Pearce of Toronto to Emma J. Hoare.

Deaths.

HUMPHREY—At Highland Creek, on September 14 W. H. Humphrey, aged 85 years.

FLETCHER—At Alliston, on September 14, Annie Fletcher, aged 28 years.

GIBBS—At Enora, on September 14, only child of Geo. M. and Elizabeth M. Gibbs of Gait, aged 2 years.

COOPER—At Toronto, on September 15, Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper, aged 82 years.

HORNBROOK—At Dunnville, on September 12, Annie Cotter Spillar Hornbrook, aged 36 years.

HOYLE—At Cannington, on September 15, Mrs. Mary Ann Jewell Hoyle, aged 78 years.

REED—At Houston, Texas, on September 12, William Reed, aged 53 years.

MAINES—At Foley, District of Parry Sound, Mrs. Margaret S. Fraser Maines, aged 74 years.

BOWLING—At Toronto, on September 15, George Bowling, aged 64 years.

DEEKS—At Toronto, on September 12, infant son of Charles A. and Lottie A. Deeks, aged 10 months.

AUSTIN—At Trenton, on September 11, Flora Austin, aged 22 years.

BOYD—At Wenchow, China, on July 14, Fanny Boyd.

FRENCH—At Toronto, on September 16, infant daughter of Isaac and Mary French, aged 3 months.

SEVERS—At Toronto, on September 16, Elizabeth Clemenson Severs.

HIGGINS—At Toronto, on September 4, Mrs. Higgins, aged 80 years.

NORRIE—At Toronto, on September 16, John S. Norrie, aged 61 years.

STEEL—At Toronto, Thomas Steel, late of Depden, Suffolk, England.

ARMSTRONG—At Hanlan, on September 17, Robert Armstrong, aged 62 years.

FETHERSTONHAUGH—At Montreal, on September 15, Robert Lea Fetherstonhaugh, aged 56 years.

GREENWOOD—At Oakville, on September 14, Beatrice S. Greenwood, aged 9 years.

FLOWERS—At Toronto, on September 17, Robert Flowers, aged 49 years.

BONNELL—At Montreal, on September 17, Walter Bonnell, aged 59 years.

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This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

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Opens September 1
The method used in voice-building is that of the old Italians, the object of which is to obtain pure and beautiful singing. Mr. Mull, formerly a pupil of Signor Barili, brother and teacher of the famous *prima donna* Adelina and Carlotta Patti.
VOICE TESTED FREE OF CHARGE.
Room 20, new building corner of Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

PROF. THOMAS' DANCING ACADEMY
Late of 203 Yonge, has opened his new and elegant Academy, 344 Yonge street, corner of Louisa. Our new premises will allow us to give greater advantages this season, having three large rooms and Calisthenics Hall above the Academy, which will be devoted to the use of pupils. The latest American and English dances will be taught in rapid succession. Ladies' and gentlemen's classes now forming. The public are invited to come and view the delightful premises from 10 a.m. to 12 m., till further notice.

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Short Sealskin Jackets
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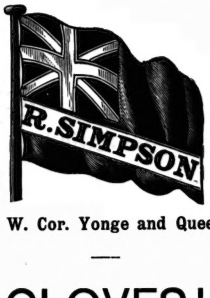
We invite our friends visiting the great Exhibition to give us a call and inspect our immense stock.



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Our Fall and Winter stock of Gloves are now opened up. They are from first hands direct to us, and a more choice assortment has never before been offered in this city.

Ladies' Black Cashmere Gloves, long jersey style, at 20c., 25c., 35c., 40c. and 50c. per pair.

Ladies' Extra Heavy Jersey Gloves, 13 and 14 inches long, at 40c. and 50c.

Ladies' Silk Fleece Lined Gloves, at 65c., 75c. and 85c. per pair.

Children's Black and Colored Cashmere Gloves, at 20c. and 25c., all sizes.

2 cases Ladies' Fine Kid Gloves in all sizes and shades, at 75c. per pair.

2 cases "Perrin's" Fine French Kid Gloves in every new shade and in two qualities, $1 and $1.25 per pair.

Gents' Kids, at $1, $1.25 and $1.35, qualities guaranteed and shades correct, at

R. SIMPSON'S

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$23.50

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BEDROOM SUITE

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You should secure one of those plums.

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GERMAN SAMPLE MANTLES

No Two Alike. New and Very Stylish

In order to make room for our regular stock we will give 25 per cent. off every Coat bought this month.

A deposit of $2 will secure one. Come and have first choice.

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INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, $1,000,000

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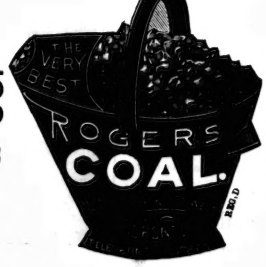

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